Mrs. L. A. Allen

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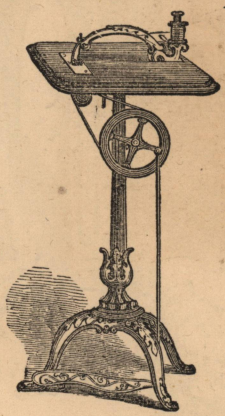
Contents of Home Magazine, September, 1858.

THE PRISONER'S CHILD. BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON. 107
THE PET BIRD. BY VIRGINIA DE FORREST. 111
VAUDOIS BATTLE HYMN! BY WILLIAM M. BRIGGS. 113
A SUMMER SONG BY FANNY FALES. 113
WE TWO. BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND. 114
THE WAYSIDE TENT. BY MARY A. RIPLEY. 120
SKETCH OF VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND. BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON. . . 121
"WHY DON'T YOU WRITE?" 123
PETRA, THE ROCK CITY. 124
THE CALCEOLARIA. 125
DORA. BY JENNIE LANE. 125
OUR CHILDREN. BY T. S. ARTHUR. 126
"ONLY HERE." BY MISS A. C. SAUNDERS. 132
BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY:
Our New Neighbors. By Virginia F. Townsend—Word Combinations. . . 133
MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT:
Cookery for Children—Parents and Children. 135
HEALTH DEPARTMENT:
Longevity of Literary Men—Suggestions to Preserve Health and Beauty. . . 137
HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS:
To Cleanse the Inside of Jars—To Keep Silk and Velvet—Directions for the Care of Family Linen—Noodle Soup—A Word About Mush—Cream Cakes—Pickled Cherries, Peaches. 138
THE TOILET AND WORK TABLE:
Fashions for September. By Genio C. Scott, of New York—Instructions in Knitting—Embroidered Slipper—Riding Dress—French Caps—Summer Undersleeve, in Lace Insertion and Embroidery. 139
EDITORS' DEPARTMENT:
To Be an Authoress—To Live—The True Principle of Education—Home Difficulties—Titcomb's Letters to Young People—Every One has Peculiar Gifts and Special Duties—September—Lights and Shadows—A Familiar Epistle to the Senior Editor—Gone Home—"Steps Towards Heaven—To Cure the Appetite for Tobacco—The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine—The Grave of the Mother of Washington—Extracts from Private Correspondents—To Correspondents, &c. 141
NOTICES OF THE PRESS. 148

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. Reading from the Sense of Duty. (Steel Plate.)
2. Colored Fashion Plate.
3. Morning Dress.
4. Riding Dress.
5. French Caps.
6. Octagon Anti-Macassar.
7. Embroidered Slipper.
8. Summer Undersleeve, in Lace and Embroidery.
9. Embroidery for a Veil.
10. The Pet Bird.



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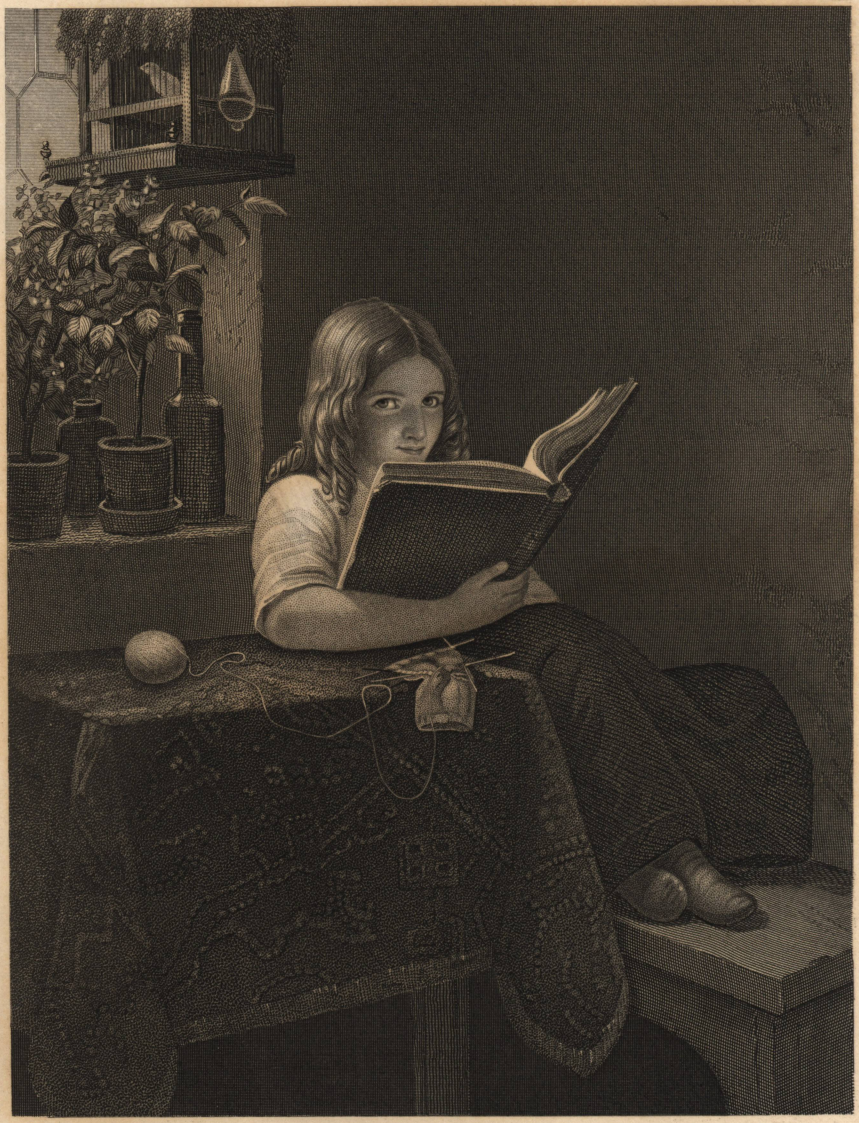


READING FROM A "SENSE OF DUTY."

HOME MAGAZINE SEPTEMBER 1858.

MORNING DRESS.

SUMMER UNDERSLEEVE IN LACE AND EMBROIDERY.

EMBROIDERY FOR A VEIL.

THE PET BIRD.

THE LADY'S

Home Magazine

OF LITERATURE, ART, AND FASHION.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1858.

THE PRISONER'S CHILD.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

It was early morning.

"Is this the way to Sing Sing?"

"Yes," roughly replied a brown-faced countryman, and passed on.

It was afternoon. The child was somewhat fragile in her appearance. Her bonnet was of broken straw; her shoes were much torn; the sun played hotly on her tender forehead. She walked on and on an hour longer.

"Is this the way to Sing Sing?"

"Yes, little girl; but what are you going there for?"

The child trudged on, her lip quivering, but not deigning to answer the pleasant-faced old man who had stopped the jogging of his horse to note her hurried manner, and who liked that little face, anxious and sad as its expression was.

The dew was falling. Katy had fallen too, almost. A rough stone by the way, imbedded in moss, received her tired little frame. She looked so wierd and aged, sitting there, her tangled hair falling on the hands that were clasped over her face! By the shaking of her frame, the tears were coming too, and she was bravely trying to hold them back.

"Why! what is this dear little girl doing here?"

The exclamation came from a pair of eager young lips.

"A curiosity! I declare!" exclaimed a harsher voice, and Katy, looking up suddenly, cowered away from the sight of the pretty young girl, and her agreeable looking companion.

"What ever are you doing here, little girl?" asked Nell Maywood, moving a little nearer towards the frightened child.

"Going to Sing Sing," said Katy, in a scared way.

"Did you ever, George! this child is going to Sing Sing; why, it's ten miles off. Child, did you know it was so far off?"

Katy shook her head, and wiped away the hot and heavy tears one by one.

"Why, yes, you poor little goose. What are you going to Sing Sing for. Have you had your supper?"

Katy shook her head.

"Have you had any dinner?"

Again the sad child shook her head.

"Nor breakfast? Why, George, the poor little thing must be almost starved!"

"I should think so," mechanically replied her brother, just recovering from a yawn, and showing signs of sympathy.

"Look here; what's your name? Well, Katy, you must come up to the house, and get something to eat. Going to Sing Sing on foot; dear me, how ridiculous! follow me, Katy, and we'll take care of you to-night, somehow, and see about your going to Sing Sing to-morrow."

Katy followed. What a glorious vision burst upon her view! The palace house; the rocks reddening in the low, western sun; the shining river; the signs of luxury on every hand.

They walked up a wide avenue. Elms and oaks threw their pleasant branches on each side; here and there a flower bush might be seen; vines grew around the noble pillars, twisting up, up to the glittering windows.

"Susan, give this poor child a good supper; she is hungry, and tired, too, I imagine. After that, I will see what can be done for her."

Susan wore a mild face. She looked pleasantly down at the poor, tired little one, and taking her hand, which trembled now, led her into the kitchen.

Meanwhile, her story, or that brief part of it which we know, was being told in the drawing-room. The sylph figure in white, lounging gracefully in the midst of delicate cushions, accompanied her narration with expressive gestures, and now and then a little laugh.

"I *should* like to know what she is going to Sing Sing for!" she said, leaning languidly back. "We must get her up something to wear; a bonnet; a pair of shoes; and then, maybe, we can manage to have her carried some way, if her mission is of any importance. Oh! such an odd-looking little thing."

"Who is that, my daughter?"

"Oh, Papa, you are come home; why, I was talking about a mite of a child; she can't be more than ten, if that. I saw her out here sitting on moss-rock; the most forlorn object. She says she is going to Sing Sing."

"I met her on my way," said the pleasant-faced old man; "she asked me about it, and I would have stopped her, but she trudged on. Where is she? It was noon when I saw her."

"In the kitchen, Papa. Susan is taking good care of her, I expect, and when she has had a hearty supper we will talk with her."

A gay trio of young girls came in. The nettings were put up; the gas burned brightly; and music and mirth banished all thoughts of care. Suddenly, Nell Maywood remembered the little odd figure, and clapping her hands, cried, "Oh, I've something to show you, girls," and disappeared.

Susan was picking gooseberries near the pantry in the kitchen.

"Where is the child, Susy?" asked Nell Maywood.

"On the door-step, Miss," Susan replied, picking away.

"Why, no Susan, there's nobody here; nobody to be seen."

"Yes, Miss." Susan placed her pan down, held her apron up to catch the stems of the berries, and walked deliberately to the door.

"Why, she sat here some time after supper. I turned, and came in; she was sitting there, looking up, up at the stars, I expect. I thought she was a mighty quiet child; but she's deep, deep, Miss Nelly; she's gone. Let me see—there ain't any silver round—I should be afeard she'd took something; they're mighty artful."

"Why, didn't you tell her she might stay all night?" Nell Maywood was peeping here and there, to spy her if possible.

"Yes, Miss Nell; and told her what a good bed there was over the woodshed; but she looked strange out of them large eyes of hers, and never seemed to hear."

"The poor child is in trouble," said Nell, quite sorrowful that she could not further relieve her necessities. "I'd have given her something to wear, and we could have sent her to Sing Sing; but, perhaps she will come back again; if so, will you send her to me?"

"If she do, I will, Miss," answered Susan, going at the gooseberries again.

But little Kate did not come back. She had been watching her opportunity to get off, and had already been gone some time. She slept in an open field; crawled into some hay; she would have walked all night, if she had dared; but she was afraid of the darkness.

—

"Mr. Warden, there's a queer case over at my house," said a bluff-looking fellow, meeting the Warden of Sing Sing prison. "We found her last night in some out of the way place, and nothing would do but my wife must take her in. We can't find out her name, except that it is Katy, and I expect she wants to see somebody in the prison. But we can't get anything out of her; where she came from, or anything about it."

"Bring her over here," said the Warden, "my wife is wanting a little girl for help; maybe she's just the one." So Katy stood, trembling more than ever, in a few moments, in the presence of the Warden and jailor. Katy was a pretty child. Her large blue eyes wore an expression of intense melancholy; her hair had been nicely combed and curled,

and some one had put a good pair of shoes on her feet.

"Well, my little girl," said the Warden, kindly, for he was prepossessed in her favor, "where have you come from?"

"New York," said the child, faintly.

The men looked at each other incredulously.

"Do you mean to say that you have come to Sing Sing, from New York, on foot?"

"Yes sir," said the child, frightened at his manner, which had in it something of severity.

"And what have you come for?"

"To see my father," the child burst forth with one great sob, and for a moment her little frame was shaken with a tempest of feeling.

"And who is your father?" asked the Warden, kindly.

"He is Mr. Loyd," said the child, as soon as she could speak for her rushing sobs.

The Warden looked at the jailor.

"Loyd; there are three Loyds here: Jim, Bondy and Dick," said the jailor.

"They may not be their proper names," responded the Warden.

"That's so," said the jailor, "but I can try 'em all. Little one, was your father's name Jim?"

The child nodded her head, or they thought she did; she was all convulsed with the reaction brought on by the termination of her journey.

"If it's Jim, he's a bad one," said the jailor, in a low voice; "he's in irons this morning, for 'tempting to break jail; he don't deserve a little gal as looks like that one, the villain. Come, child, I'll go and find your father."

He took Katy's shaking hand; with the other she dashed the tears away fast as they fell. It frightened her almost into calmness, to see the ponderous door at which the jailor applied the great key; and the stillness of the long stone passages; the dimness thrown over all; the constant succession of bars and bleak black walls was terrible to a sensitive mind like hers. How the heavy tread of the jailor, and the tread of the Warden behind him, echoed through the gloom and the space. It was in truth a great tomb through which they moved; a tomb in which were coffined living hearts, whose throb could almost be heard in the awful stillness. On, on they went, now through this massive door, now through that passage way. Every thing spoke of crime, of fierce passions subdued and held in stern control; everything, from the grim face of the ferocious watch-dog, to the sentinels armed.

Then they turned, and went up the stairs, the jailor holding the scared bird close to his side with a tender clasp, the Warden following. Another tramp, and at last they came to a stand still. The jailor rapped at a cell door. Slowly the figure of a man with a harsh, hair-covered face appeared.

"Here's your little girl come to see you," said the jailor.

"Little girl! hem! you're green," said the man, in grum accents; "I've got no little girl, or you wouldn't catch me here."

"Father," said the childish voice. It sounded so sweet, so childish, in that terrible prison. But, as the scowling face came closer to the bars, the child hid her head quickly in the jailor's arm, half-sobbing; it wasn't him.

"We'll try the next one." He walked further on, and spoke more pleasantly this time. "Well, Bondy, here is little Katy; don't you want to see her?"

"Little Katy—" there was a long pause. "I had a Katy once—not a little Katy—I broke her heart—God pity me. Go on, it can't be for me."

Again the sweet voice rang out, "Father." The prisoner came up close to the bars; a youthful face framed with light wavy hair; a face in which the blue eyes looked innocent; a face, that it seemed a sin to couple with a foul deed, gazed out. It saw the child's earnest, pleading, tearful eyes; a dark expression rolled like a wave across his brow; a groan came up from his bosom, and with a low moan he staggered against his bed, crying, "take her away; I can't stand the sight of anything pure like that."

Katy had hidden her face a second time, as she feebly cried, "it isn't him;" so they kept on to the third cell.

"Jim, here's a little girl, little Katy, your daughter, wants to see you."

A stupid "what!" came from the bed; the man had probably just awakened.

"Your little daughter!"

There was a sound of rattling irons that made the child shiver. Dimly appeared the face and outlines of a well-made man—the countenance handsome but evil. He seemed not to comprehend. But as fast as his chains would permit him, he came forward and looked out at the anxious face below. It was almost too much for the child. With a loud, convulsive cry, she exclaimed, "Father! Father!" and fell nearly senseless against the jailor.

"Katy!" exclaimed the man, and there was a nervous twitching about the muscles

of the mouth, "What in Heaven's name has brought her here?"

The jailor was calling the child to consciousness.

"Shall we let her come in the cell?" asked the Warden.

Jim was dashing his hand across his face. A smothered "yes" issued from his lips. They opened the ponderous door, and put the child within. Her arms were outstretched; his were wide open, and they came together with a clanking sound; together about the form of that poor little child.

"Oh, Father!" "Oh, Katy, Katy!" and then there was a quiet crying. By and by the man lifted the little head whose glossy curls were falling on his shoulders, and oh! what a sharp rattle of the chains smote on the ear, and looked in her face. After a moment's irresolution he kissed her, and then his head fell under her earnest, loving look.

"Katy, what made you come?"

"Wanted to see you, Father," and the head was on his shoulder again.

"How did you come, Katy; never mind the noise, they are locking up; they will be here again, and let you out; how did you come, Katy?"

"I walked here."

"From New York, child?"

"Yes, Father!"

There was no sound, save that of the chains, as he strained her closer to his bosom.

"And how did you leave—her—Katy—your mother?"

The question was fearfully asked, but not responded to. He gazed eagerly in the child's face; her little lip was quivering.

"Katy, tell me quick!"

"She died, Father!"

A groan, a terrible groan followed; the convict's head fell in the lap of his child, and he wept with strong cries. The jailor and the Warden said that they never saw a sight so woeful. And the child tried to comfort him, till his strength seemed to be gone, and his sobs were like gasps.

"Oh, Katy, when did she die? Oh, my poor May! my poor girl!"

"Ever so long ago, I guess, ever so many weeks," replied the child; "but she told me to come and see you, and comfort you."

"Oh, God! this is hard; she always forgave me."

"She told me to pray for you, too; she told me to ask you would you be real good after you come out, and meet her in Heaven."

"In Heaven! *I* in Heaven," groaned the man, giving way again to his agony. The child was angel-guided. Her soft touch was better for his soul's good, than the strifes and the chains. He had been hardened; her little love had melted down the adamant; had found the locked-up good of his nature, and she had sent her sweet smiles through its prison door. Long he sat there, his head in the lap of his beautiful, quiet child. None dared disturb him; jailor and Warden walked to and fro.

"Father, when you come out, *I'll* take care of you."

He lifted his head; his eyes, red with weeping, were fastened on her face.

"Mother said I might."

"God's blessings on you, my angel-child; you may save your miserable Father!"

"I *will* save you, Father."

The Warden cleared his throat; the jailor spoke roughly to one of the prisoners; it was to hide his emotion. "You had better come now," he added, going to the cell.

"Katy, you must go; will you come again, my child?"

"Can't I stay?"

"No, dear; but you shall come and see me again."

They took her gently from the dark cell; she sobbed very quietly. In the Warden's room stood a pleasant-faced old man.

"I have come after that little girl," he said. "She must go home with me. I'll take good care of her; I've heard her story; and when her father comes out, if he's a mind to behave himself, I'll give him plenty to do. Besides that, I'll bring her up once a week to see him. What say, little one, will you go with me?" and good old Mr. Maywood stroked her hair, as he said, pityingly, "poor child! poor child!"

Reader, ten miles from Sing Sing, there is a little cottage occupied by a laborious man and his one daughter. Little Katy is fulfilling the commands of her dying mother. She is taking care of her father, and he, thank God, is taking care of himself! Men respect him, and God has forgiven him.

"The influence of fine scenery, mountain air, rural drives and rambles—the coming back to our early love of nature, which is inherent in every bosom, and sways all hearts with more or less power—is of itself a panacea for many an ill."

THE PET BIRD.

BY VIRGINIA DE FORREST.

(*See Engraving.*)

"Did I ever tell you how I found my Lizzie, after we had been separated for five years," said my old friend John Leeson to me.

John is a captain now of a fine merchant vessel, the "Shooting Star," but he rose from before the mast. He was the only child of old Farmer Leeson, and when his parents died he went to sea. He was a boy then of some fifteen years, and being a good, active lad, he soon learned to be a good seaman, and in the course of years rose to command the Shooting Star.

Well, you see, said John, Lizzie and I, we were lovers, a body might say, all our lives. Her father owned a farm near ours, and we went to school together. I always carried her school books, drew her on my sled in Winter, and gave her the first of our fruit in Summer. Well, one Summer Lizzie told me she wanted a bird. She had found a cage hidden away in some corner of the house, and she wanted a bird to put into it.

I talked it over with Joe and Larry, two of the school boys, and they helped me to make a trap. We watched it very carefully, and one morning I went to Lizzie to tell her that the trap had sprung. She came down with the cage, and we started with Joe and Larry to secure our prize. Joe lifted the stone, and as the little prisoner crept out, I caught him under my hat. After some trouble, we put him into Lizzie's cage, where, to our great surprise, he seemed perfectly at home. Instead of beating his wings against the bars, and striving to escape, he hopped from perch to perch, turning his head with a saucy look from one side to the other, and giving chirps of apparent satisfaction. When we reached home, Lizzie's father, Mr. Harris, told us our prize was a fine bulfinch, which doubtless had escaped from some cage. As we never heard, however, of any other owner, Lizzie kept her pet. I had heard that these birds could be taught to whistle tunes, and I determined to try to teach Cherry. I took him home, and hung him in my room. Several times a day I found an excuse for going there, and each time I whistled Hail Columbia under Cherry's cage. A few weeks sufficed to perfect him in this air, and I tried another with equal success. After teaching him several national and popular airs, I taught him a cradle hymn my mother used to sing to me before she died. It had been taught to her by an old French nurse, and I never heard any one else sing it. Cherry soon learned the little plaintive air, and as my small stock of tunes was nearly exhausted, I returned him to Lizzie. As I had kept him for two years, she was delighted to have him again.

Well, as you know, my father died when I was but fifteen years old, and I went to sea. I had always longed for a sailor's life, but my love for my father had kept me at home. It was hard to part with Lizzie, whom I loved so fondly, but I went away from her with the hope that when we were old enough Lizzie would be my little wife. I made many voyages, and at last rose to be first mate. Every time I came home, I found Lizzie improved in beauty and education, and constant to her sailor love. When I was first mate, I made her a formal proposal, and she promised, that, when I was captain, and had the right to take my wife to sea, she would go with me.

My next cruise was in the Sea Gull, and a disastrous one it was. We were wrecked off the coast of Africa, where we had gone on a trading trip, and I was the only one of the crew left to tell the tale of trouble. Fortunately, the natives were disposed to be friendly to me, and I was guided to a white colony, Port Elizabeth. I worked here, at my old trade of farmer's boy, for a year, before I could get a passage back, and at last, the vessel I obtained employment in was going a long cruise, and her home port was Norfolk. My home was a village in the west of Massachusetts, and after three year's absence, I at length reached it. My coming was a matter of great astonishment. Every one supposed that I was dead, and among the rest Lizzie. I inquired for her first. Her father was dead; she thought I was, too, and after waiting a weary time, hoping for my return, she had gone to Boston to learn a trade. To Boston I went, and searched for her. I advertised. I walked the streets, in hopes of meeting her, day after day. I inquired in

every direction, but I could hear no tidings of Lizzie. One place where I inquired, was a milliner's store, where they had employed a girl, answering my description, whose name was Lizzie, and who had married and left the city. They had forgotten her last name, but she was from the country, and I thought possibly I had found some trace of her. Tired and despairing, I again engaged as first mate, to go a one year's voyage. When I returned, we landed at New York. It was now nearly five years since I had seen Lizzie, but I had never forgotten her; never thought of marrying any one else.

One day, when I was walking through a cross street in New York, I heard a sound that made my heart throb fast. It was a bird whistling my mother's cradle hymn. I looked up and down, and at last I looked in at the window of a bird fancier's store. There, seated on his perch, I saw a bulfinch which I was sure was my old pet and pupil. How did he get there? To make sure that I was right, I whistled some of the other tunes I had taught him, and, as I expected, he followed me with them. I rushed into the store in a perfect fever of excitement.

"Tell me," said I, to the man, "where you got that bulfinch?"

"Well, I didn't steal it," said he, coolly.

How his impudence annoyed me. A woman came to the door at the back of the store.

"Why don't you tell the gentleman, Joe," said she. "Perhaps he's some relation of the poor young woman's!"

"What poor young woman," I cried. "For pity's sake tell me about the bird!"

"Well," said she, "come in here, and I'll tell you all I know about it. My, how my heart warms to a blue jacket. My George is a sailor, sir, and I love the trade for his sake."

I went into her room, and she began:

"You see, sir, nigh on to a month ago, there was a pretty looking girl came to my cousin's to board. She was from New England, and had been in New York about two years. She said she had learned dressmaking, and had worked better than a year in Boston, but some friend advised her to come here. Well, she did pretty well, until, from sitting too constant, her health began to fail. At the time she came to my cousin's, she was pale and thin, and looked almost dying. Well, Jane took her in, and she hadn't been there but a few days, when she had to give up, and go to bed, down sick. Her money soon gave out, and my old man offered her twenty-five dollars for this bulfinch. She was very loth to part with it, and cried a good deal about it, until my husband told her he would not sell it for a while, and when she got better, she could buy it back, and that's all I can tell you about the bird."

"But," I cried, "where is she now? Is she better? Show me where she lives."

"Do you know her? Yes, she is better, she was sitting up this morning, but she's pining for country air, and over-work has nearly killed her. There, I see how it is. You are the John she talked about, when she was light-headed, ain't you?"

"Yes; where is she?"

"You're the one who gave her the bird, ain't you?"

"Yes; for pity's sake tell me where Lizzie is?"

"That's her name, sure enough. Well, go to the corner, turn to the left, and the second house on this side, is the one."

Scarcely waiting to thank her, I flew to find Lizzie. The house made me pause. Was my Lizzie pining, sick, in this miserable little place? The door stood open; I went in. Dirt met me at every step. I met a ragged little child who directed me to the garret. Up the narrow, ricketty stairs I went, and at last reached the garret. The door stood open, and I looked in. A pale girl was seated in an old chair by the window, her head resting on the sill. I did not know her. Surely, I thought, this pale, thin girl can never be my rosy, plump Lizzie. The room was small and close, and the invalid, if she was better, must have been very, very ill, when she looked so fearfully sick now. While I was still standing there, she opened her eyes, and saw me. She gave one cry,

"John, dear John!" and rising feebly from her chair, she tottered towards me, and fell in a dead faint upon the floor.

It was Lizzie! So changed, that even my eyes failed to recognize her; it was still my Lizzie. When she recovered her senses, and was still weeping on my bosom, I whispered to her,

"I am a Captain now, darling, and it is time for you to fulfil your promise. Let me send for a clergyman, and have the right to take you from this place, and care for you."

She consented; and before night we were all, that is, Lizzie, the bulfinch and I, in a pretty, comfortable room in my pleasant boarding house. Proper food, fresh air, rest and happiness soon restored Lizzie's health, and a trip to our old home brought the color to her

cheeks. There is the bulfinch, stuffed, under the glass case in the parlor. He lived to a good old age, need I say how much petted, and he died in Lizzie's hand, after a fit of asthma. He crossed the ocean, in our state-room on the Shooting Star, three times, and when he died I stuffed him, and put him in a post of honor in the front parlor.

VAUDOIS BATTLE HYMN!

BY WILLIAM M. BRIGGS.

Up! and the cry is, onward!
From the Vaudois' mountain hold,
Down the slopes of all our vallies
The battle's din has rolled;
From the midland's belt of forest,
To the sunny vales below,
Every mountain gorge is gleaming
With the banners of the Foe!

Up! for the cry is, onward!
We have left our homes behind,
And the Chalet's walls gleam redly
Where their glittering columns wind;
And the Austrian's shrill reveille
Shrieks high o'er wreck and fire,
While the red cross of their hated faith,
Gleams from the Chapel's spire!

Up! and the cry is, onward!
From the old and grey-haired man,
To the maiden on our bosoms,
As the cry of battle ran.
There are old eyes glancing firmly,
And young tresses in the breeze,
And cheeks whose beauty scorns to blanch
At summons such as these!

Oh! ye mothers of the Vaudois;
Oh! ye daughters of your sires;
There is need of all the courage
That your hated foe inspires;
Oh! think ye of the slaughter
On your country's heart that fell,
When thrice before they've hunted us
With their beagle hounds of Hell!

There were matrons pale with outrage;
There were strong men mad with pain;
And maidens with their crouching forms,
That shrieked for death in vain;
There were quivering flesh and muscle;
There was torn and mangled limb,
Though brighter gleamed the martyr's crown,
As their eyes in death grew dim!

Oh! ye people of the Vaudois,
Look down the vales below,
And see thro' all their windings
The swarming of the foe;
For your homes, and for your altars,
Strike high your country's swords;
Up! and the cry is, onward!
And the battle is the Lord's!

A SUMMER SONG.

BY FANNY FALES.

The air is full of Song, and the earth of flowers,
And joy falls down in showers.

The languid Summer morn I sit and dream,
Sweet fancies on me beam.

I list the murmur of the bee, the breeze,
The voices of the trees.

A little brook through the green meadow sings,
The robin dips his wings.

So, God's love flows adown this life of mine,
I bathe in founts divine.

All things are praising him; Why should not I,
For whom Christ came to die?

The wind steals odor from the new-mown hay,
Sweeter than buds in May.

A holy silence on the perfumed air,
Seems like the hush of prayer.

Father! I thank Thee for the boon of life,
Though it be called *a strife*.

Sing to the Lord, the clover-blossoms cry;
Lambs on the hills that lie.

Bird on the wing, and flower in grassy nook,
Sing while they upward look

Sing, golden bee, and brook o'er pebbly sands,
Sing to the Lord ye lands.

Take down your harps from off the willow bough;
Oh, hearts! make music now!

Falmouth, Mass.

WE TWO.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Does not one need a certain amount of self-subsistence, before he or she can subsist another?"

"There, now, you've just spoiled my drawing, by upsetting that water! I do believe everything under Heaven has conspired to torment me this morning! Put the picture in the fire, and get out of my way for this one day, do."

"Janet, you are a careless, naughty child, and I don't know what I can do with you. Correl, my poor boy, it is too bad." My Aunt Celia's tones varied as widely in addressing us, as her words did.

"I didn't mean to spill the water, indeed I didn't," answered the little girl Janet; though she had been in our house a month, I had not learned her other name. "I just looked over the picture, because it was so much like our old home, and"

"Don't say any more about it; the mischief's done, and can't be helped," interrupted my aunt, who was on the whole quite a philosopher, and never mourned long over the inevitable. "Go into the kitchen, and see if Biddy don't want you. Correl, my dear boy, can't I do something for you. I think I can wipe off this water, so the engraving will not be injured."

"No, you can't; I never want to see it again, and I don't want to have anybody speak to me for the next hour."

So I laid back on my pillow, on the lounge at the sitting-room window. Aunt Celia saw it would be useless to speak to me in my present mood, and wisely refrained. I looked up at the sky; it was a cold, blanched, lethargic day, born of a wild, complaining March night. The sky was a dull, woolly grey; blank, lifeless, gloomy, without one rent or variation; and I shut my eyes, after looking at it a moment, and felt, boy as I was, that on it was written, as it could not be on any page beneath it, my own life at that moment.

I was an orphan, reader, of just fourteen, and a miserable, selfish, exacting, fretful, despotic invalid, the child of an uncongenial marriage. I was rich, at least I was regarded so, in the village of Longwood, for my father, who was twenty-five years my mother's senior, had left her his entire property at his death, and his estate was valued at seventy thousand. My poor young mother only survived her husband a year, and when she left me, I inherited the whole property. My father, I have since learned, was a good-hearted, phlegmatic, joke-cracking sort of a man. My mother was a fragile, sensitive, beautiful woman. She came from an old, poor, and proud family. She loved another, a young clerk, in the employ of some of her relatives. He was poor; her family broke the match, and compelled her to marry John Wheaton, the retired broker. He was a good, kind husband, alas! my poor young mother!

But I believe she would have lived for *my* sake, if *that* had not happened. I must write it quickly, for I never speak, hardly think of it now, and God has made it work good for me. My mother was not well that afternoon, and had left me in charge of a new nurse, a giddy, careless, but not bad-hearted girl, with many injunctions not to leave me for a moment.

A company of strolling musicians came down the road, and stopped before our gate, playing some of their sweet, wild airs on hand-organs. The girl left me on the piazza, and ran down to see them a moment. She remained longer than she intended. I became impatient, and crept to the edge of the piazza——. Before the musicians left the front gate, I was lamed for life. For six months afterwards my mother was a maniac. She regained her reason, but her health never recovered the blow. She was like some fair flower that can rest long and peacefully on the still currents of life, rocked only by gentle waters, and soft winds. But she could not hear the rushing of the waves, and the beating of the storms; and so she went where they could never reach her, my poor young mother.

So I came to live with my Grandmother and Aunt Celia; before I was five years old, I was a puny, sickly child, and had enough of physical ailment and misfortune to receive the sympathy and tenderness of others. But I was petted, indulged, never contradicted, until I became a very household tyrant. My own wants, comfort, happiness, at the expense of all others, were the chiefest concern of every one around me. No wonder that they became mine.

My Grandmother and Aunt Celia said I was a strange child; but they did not dream it was their own injudicious government that, more than anything else, made me so. I was painfully alive to my misfortune, and the thought of this galled and soured me. I disliked children, and never had any playmates; my chief amusement was in books, of which I had a large, and miscellaneous collection. Then I had masters, when I was able, and took drawing lessons, of which I was very fond.

But, as I laid back on the lounge, that blank March morning, restless, weary, dissatisfied with myself, and every living thing, sick in soul, and in body, the voice of the little girl came faint and mournful over my heart: "I just looked over the picture, because it was so much like our old home." She had a home once, I thought to myself, and now she is thrown out on the world. It must be very hard, and she can't be as old as I am yet.

I knew nothing of Janet, except that my Aunt had found her at the orphan Asylum, and brought her home to assist the cook. Occasionally she had waited on me, but I had scarcely noticed her. But as I lay there, I wished, probably, for the first time in my life, I had not spoken so crossly to her, and felt some little curiosity, perhaps pity, for the little orphan girl under our roof.

"Correl, my love," said my Grandmother, bustling into the room, "it's two whole hours since you had your breakfast. I think you'd better try a little blackberry jam, and a wing of cold chicken."

"No; I don't want anything," I shortly answered, breaking my silence of an hour.

"It's these east winds, Mother," said Aunt Celia, in an undertone. "You know they always raise the mischief with him."

"Well, my darling, you know it'll come Summer in a little while, and then you can go out and lie under the trees for whole days together."

"It's a long time to Summer, Grandma, and I'm tired to death of lying here, and doing nothing. It makes my head ache to read, and I've spoiled my drawing, and I'm just as miserable, dissatisfied, and wretched as I can be."

The tears forced themselves down upon my eyelashes, as I made this confession, and they touched my Grandmother and Aunt Celia, whose good, mistaken souls would have laid down their lives for me any moment.

"Can't we think of something to amuse that poor child? He looks just like dear Jane, as he lies there," I heard my Aunt whisper to her Mother.

They both sat still, and thought a moment, their eyes looking into the bright glow of the grate fire, when Biddy burst into the room, with her bare, red arms, and Hibernian visage. "Master Correl, I remember as how you said, yesterday, you'd give anything to see a bit of green moss as big as a mouse. Well, what should I find this mornin', as I was rummagin' in the room where Janet sleeps, for a new ironin' sheet, but a long, square cake of dirt covered over with the moss, green and grey, and all colors, and the water drippin' off from it, just like the dew on the grass of a June mornin'."

"Do go and get it, and see what it's like," I cried, my curiosity considerably stimulated, as I raised myself up.

"Oh, Biddy, Biddy, don't take away my mosses."

The voice wound in eager, and beseeching tones through the open door, followed by Biddy's half-persuasive, half-reproachful answer.

"Shure, now, child, it's that poor lame boy as has axed to look at them, and ye wouldn't be afther refusing him sich a favor as that?"

I know my whole face brightened, as Bridget placed Janet's treasure before me. It was a large tin pan, filled with dark, rich loam, and the top of this was covered thick with mosses, rare woodland mosses, more exquisite than any painting; soft cushions of grey, beryline, and dark green, were arranged most artistically, while all around the edge ran some hardy wood vine, it's small, graceful leaves curling against the mosses in beautiful contrast. Shoots of another vine, strung thick with small, red berries, wound themselves like threads of warm, flashing jewels among the cold, neutral tints. Oh, it was a vision of Summer, a breath of the fragrant woodlands I loved with such a wild, longing, passionate fervor, that met my gaze. I bent over the mosses with a low, greedy cry that struck them all.

"Well, really, the child has shown a remarkable degree of taste; do look, Mother," said Aunt Celia, while Grandma hastily put on her heavily bowed, gold spectacles.

"Where in the world could she have found them?"

"I'll ax her," answered Bridget, and she flew to the door, and called Janet. She entered the room. I turned and looked at her, for the first time, with real interest and curiosity.

She stood there in the door, a little, brown,

thin, timid-looking child, with no fairness of face, nor grace of figure. Her short hair, undergoing a transition from flaxen to a soft brown, was parted smoothly away from her low forehead, and the features beneath it were thin, irregular, and altogether, the child had a pinched, starved, half-frightened, half-sorrowful look. Her eyes were grey; light grey, I thought; but I afterwards had occasion to alter my opinion. She wore a calico dress, and gingham apron that almost concealed her neck, it was cut so high, and these my aunt had given her.

"Janet, do come here, and tell me where you got these?" I said, in that impetuous, half-commanding tone which was so natural to me.

She came timidly forward. "I gathered them in the woods last Autumn. We children at the Asylum, used to be allowed to play an hour each day, and I used to go out and get these. Miss Hubbard, the matron, gave me the pan, and so I've kept them all Winter."

"Well, they are beautiful, Janet. Do you see, Aunt Celia, how the drops sparkle among the mosses, like fresh morning dew on meadow grasses; no, like a sprinkling of rare pearls on a matting of soft velvet."

"I declare, Correl, my love, you are a born poet."

Just then the bell rang, and visitors summoned my relatives to the parlor, so I was left alone with Janet. She would have gone, too, but I requested her to remain, and to sit down by me, and tell me how in the world she came to think of gathering the mosses.

"I don't know," she said, twisting, in awkward embarrassment, her small, brown fingers together, "only I used to love the mosses so, when we lived at home; and when I found them around the roots of the old trees, I called them my cushions, and Mamma would laugh, and say she did just so when she was a little girl. So, after I went to the Asylum, I searched after these in the woods, and brought them back, and then I'd forget all about the bare walls, and dream that I was at home in the woods, with the singing birds, and my dear Mamma."

I could understand this, as neither my good Aunt or Grandmother would have done.

"Janet, how old are you?"

"Twelve last January."

"And what is your name; your whole name?"

"Janet Elizabeth Ames."

"Well, how long has your mother been dead?"

A look of sorrow and grief fluttered over the thin features. There was a quiver over the pale, wistful little mouth, and tears strained themselves into the child's eyes. Then I learned that the little dark, shy, homely face of Janet Ames possessed that charm which is above every charm of grace and beauty; which, the older you grow, and the wiser and better you are, will outlast all others; which wins more true, persistent, all-surveying affection, than any other; the charm of variety.

"It is a year and four months."

"And you have no father, no relatives now, to take care of you?"

"None that I know of."

And as I recall the conversation, I can recall, too, the faint flutter of a blush into the brown cheek, which, at the time, I hardly noticed.

"And you loved your mother, Janet?"

Ah! you must have come from her own country, the country of her soul, to have interpreted the face of the little orphan girl, Janet Ames, at that moment. The soft light kindled and darkened her grey eyes, and refined and clarified her whole face with a new tenderness.

"I guess I did love her; oh, if she had not died, my Mother! my Mother!" And the last words rose into a longing, wistful cry; a sudden breaking out of the dumb agony in her heart, and her head fell down on the chair arm, and quick, sharp sobs shook, it seemed to me, the whole room.

I pitied her; it was probably the first time in my whole life I had looked upon a human being with that emotion; ah, Janet, is there in me anything tender, or deep, or true, that your soft influence did not kindle into life!

I laid my hand, it was a strange hand for a boy of fourteen, so long, and delicate, and thin, on her hair; "Don't cry, Janet, I'm sorry for you."

My heart spoke those words. She looked up with a sudden joy and wonder lighting through the thick tears in her eyes. "Are you, are you, really, sorry for me?"

Ah! down to this moment, stirring the sleep of a score of years, comes the wondering plaint of those tones to my heart.

"Yes; you know I haven't any Mother, either; but I have a dear Aunty and Grandmother, only," and I glanced at my crutch; it was the first time in my life I had voluntarily made any allusion to my lameness.

She placed her hand on my arm, and look-

ing up in my face, with a tender pity that went to my heart, she said, "I am very sorry for you, too."

So there was a new bond between us two. I made her draw her chair up to mine, and we began to examine the mosses. She told me where she had gathered these, and how they only required plenty of water, and a little sunshine to flourish nicely.

"You don't know how I love them?" she said, her embarrassment quite worn off, as she darted up to me one of her quick, bright looks.

"How carefully you must have tended them, Janet. I suppose they are, to you, just what little children are to their mothers; the mosses are your babies."

She laughed a low, mellow, variable laugh that told one it came from some province of her soul that was full of sunshine, and melody, and all beautiful things. A soul only endowed with great, hidden riches, could make melody like that.

When my Aunt and Grandmother returned, they were much astonished to find us both together, talking earnestly, our heads bowed over the mosses.

"Biddy wants you to help her set the table," said Aunt Celia.

"No; I want her here; she shan't go," I interposed.

"Well, I'm sure, Mother, if she can amuse him in any way, she's welcome to stay," said my Aunt, half to me, and half to her mother; but I saw she watched us with a good deal of surprise and interest.

During our interview that morning, I said to Janet, "I should like to help you take care of your mosses, if you like, and next Summer we will make a large bed of them. I know where I can find them in the woods."

"Do you? oh, that will be so nice," with that quick lifting and flashing up of her face.

"I shall be so glad when Summer comes."

"It's very tiresome staying in the house so long; but, when I'm not working, then I have my mosses, you know."

"Can't you read, Janet?"

"Yes; Mamma taught me; but I haven't any books, only the Bible and the English reader."

"Well, I have; there's Robinson Crusoe and the Arabian Nights. You'll be sure to like those, and you may have as many more as you like."

"Oh!" that was all she said; no, her face said such a "thank you" to me, as never a human being's had done before, and I felt then, for the first time, what those words meant; "It is better to give than to receive."

Well, reader, that was the date of a new friendship, of a new life to me. The little friendless, homeless, charity orphan that came to our house, did for me what all the wealth of my father, all the tenderness and luxury that my relatives lavished on me, could not do. She woke me out of myself; and this is, at times, the mightiest benefit one human being can do for another. That man, or that woman is wretched, miserable, abnormal, no matter what be his or her circumstances, whose aims, interests, desires, centre in self. We only live, when we live in others; and as there is no real life, only a mocking, galvanized existence, where there is no love, so there is no happiness where this *selfhood* exists. I honestly believe it is the secret of half the ennui, useless lives, and broken hearts, that are in the world. You, the sensitive, the unappreciated, the suffering, who sigh day by day for congenial friendship, and appreciative sympathy, just get out of yourselves a little while, live for others, live, at least, to bless the little children that you can find everywhere, for they are like wild flowers blossoming by all the waysides, and nooks, and hidden corners of life; bless the children, and you shall not lose your reward. Surely, I write that I do know.

Janet soon was released from her duties in the kitchen, to be my companion, attendant, pupil. I do not think my Grandmother and Aunt at first approved of this; they were exclusive by birth and education, and could not quite lose sight of the fact that Janet had been taken from the Asylum to be their servant. But my will in this, as in all other things, was absolute. I had tasted, and found it was very sweet to do good. The hidden springs of generosity, and affection, that lay far up among the hills, or down deep in the valleys of my own soul, broke out, and fertilized that most sterile soil.

In thinking of her wants; in watching her progress, I forgot my own trials and misfortunes.

I taught her to write, to draw, and I heard her daily recitations in history and geography. Then I was always fastidious about dress, and I gave Aunt Celia no peace until she had furnished Janet with a neat, tasteful, becoming wardrobe. She grew much attached to me, my little protege, under these softening, strengthening influences.

So the wild war-beat of March, softened down into the sobs and faint smiles of April, and these vanished into the tender glances and wild airs of May, and, at last, June, regal and glorious, walked, in her necklaces of pearl, and her embroideries of purple, over the land.

Then came the long, bright days, passed in the woods, by running brooks, under the purple shadows of the trees, and on cool slopes of hillsides. We were very unlike, Janet and I, and this drew us closer together. I was reflective, dreamy, absorbed. She was more outward, more perceptive, warm-hearted, and impulsive. We were both children; both looked younger than we were; and our affection for each other was altogether unconstrained and open.

Well, there is no use for my pen to loiter over this time. Suffice it, three years passed away, during which Janet and I were not separated for a single day. She improved in person, and in character; and though she was not an angel, and had her faults, like everybody else, yet she was a warm, sweet, lovable girl. Nature had made her a lady, and she gradually took her rightful position in our household. My grandmother and aunt ceased to demur, and always spoke of us as "the children."

I, too, had grown in stature, had improved much in health of body and spirit, in these last three years—and then—and then!

—

It was an evening in the last of April; an evening wild and turbulent with storms. The rain dashed against the panes, and the wind howled and battled among the boughs of the old pear trees that stood on the front lawn. But within all was bright and cheery. We had drawn the low, round table in front of the grate fire-place, and my aunt, prim, and bland, and stately, sat on one side, while Janet and I occupied the other.

My grandmother had drawn her rocking-chair to its old position on one side of the fire-place. What a picture she made, sitting there. I see the bright bands of silver hair, breaking out from the frill of her snowy cap, and her fond, dim eyes peering at me over her spectacles. Her knitting lies in her lap, and occasionally she takes up the poker, and stirs the glowing pyramid of anthracite, till the light plunges in a soft, yellow flood all over the room.

"Oh, how the wind does blow," said Janet, with a little shudder, as a heavier blast triumphed at the windows. "I hope nobody's walking out this dark night, in this terrible storm."

"I hope not, poor things," echoed Grandma, dreamily.

"Janet," I said, surveying her closely, "I'm very glad you put on that narrow merino dress to-night, it's so very appropriate. One wants glow and warmth inside, to contrast with the cold and pallor out-doors; just as painters throw all their warmth of coloring in some part of a picture, to contrast with the cold, neutral tints elsewhere."

"What a strange child you are, Correl," said Aunt Celia. "Boys never talked like that, when I was your age."

"But Correl isn't a common boy," said Janet, with a proud, beaming smile, but in a whisper so low that I only heard it.

"Janet," I said, "let's have a scene in the 'Lady of the Lake,' to-night; that one where Fitz James surprises Rhoderic Dhu asleep by the camp fire. You shall be Rhoderic, and I'll be Fitz James. Tie Aunty's plaid silk shawl round you, so as to look as picturesque and Scottish as possible."

"Ah, Correl, you can't make a Highland Chief out of a plain little Yankee girl," laughed Janet.

"Yes, we can; I'll put on my riding cap and cloak, and we'll stand in opposite corners. Grandma, your head does not ache?" ah, Janet, three years ago I should not have thought to make that inquiry!

"No, my pet, you may speak as loud as you like."

"Aunty, mayn't Janet have that white camelia for her hair? You know it will fade in a day or two, and it will answer for a plume."

"You're a spoiled, absurd child, Correl," replied my aunt, but she took up her scissors, went to the flower, and cut off the snowy blossom. And Janet fastened it among the thick, silky bands of her hair; her hair that was deepening into a rich glowing brown, varying with the purple of night shadows.

So we went into opposite corners of the room, and repeated that stirring poem of Scott's, that carries one, at all times, to the purple highlands, with their lakes locked in between hills of heather, to the green valleys sleeping in Summer mists, and to the lofty mountains, around whose grey bosoms streams wind their necklaces of pearl, and the blue bell, and wild rose garnish with precious settings of jasper and carbuncle.

My voice had just closed the last stanza,

when there was a summon from the old brass knocker at the front door, loud, boisterous, imperative.

"Goodness! who can be out such a night as this," we simultaneously exclaimed; and then Janet added, "Biddy's sick to-night, and went to bed an hour ago. I'll see who it is," and she hurried out into the hall. We sat still and listened; once, when the wind lulled, we caught a faint sound of voices, but this was drowned by a blast that rose up, and howled through the large, old hall, like the tread of an army. But my hearing is remarkable acute, and it seemed to me that I caught a sound of eager pleading in Janet's voice, and then, as I said, the wind drowned everything.

"Why in the world don't she return. I wonder who she's got there," said my grandmother, impatiently, uttering the thoughts of all of us.

We listened a moment longer, and then my aunt rose up, saying, "I'll go and see what in the world it can mean;" but just then Janet opened the door. Her face was very white, and it wore a strange, startled, frightened look, such as I had never seen before.

"Who's there?" was my aunt and grandmother's quick interrogation. "What has happened to you, Janet?" was mine.

"An old man was there, a—a beggar," stammered the girl.

"Well, what did he want, and what kept you at the door all this time!" demanded Aunt Celia.

"He wanted to know the way to the tavern," but there was a strained look in Janet's eyes, and an uncertainty in her voice.

"Why didn't you bring him in, and let him pass the night here? I wouldn't turn a dog out of my house, such a night as this," interposed my hospitable grandmother.

"Oh, he couldn't come in here, and it took me some time to tell him the way to the tavern. How cold I am!" and Janet shivered, as she came up to the grate.

I do not think her manner struck any one but myself, as being peculiar, though I remember Aunt Celia looked at her, and said,

"Why, child, you must have taken cold, standing so long at the door."

But I watched Janet narrowly, and detected an expression of alarm and pain in her face, such as I had never seen there before. Then she was very absent-minded all that evening, and would start nervously, when I addressed her, as though waking up suddenly from distant thoughts; but none of us alluded to the "beggar" again. I was very wakeful that night; the East winds always affected my delicate, nervous organization, and the pain in my limb was so severe I could not sleep.

Toward morning the storm went down. I knew, too, the moon had risen, by the light that came in through the chamber window. As I lay watching this, a faint sound struck my ear, like that of an opening door. I listened intently. There came to my ear a whisper of voices, and I was certain I heard footsteps. My heart throbbed a little faster, but whatever faults I had, physical nor moral cowardice never could be numbered among them. The footsteps cautiously passed my door. They seemed those of a man, stepping very lightly, and just as they reached my room, I heard a voice (it was Janet's) whisper very softly, "Be careful, this way."

Then the steps seemed to die along the stairs. I rose from my bed, and hurried to the door as fast as my weakness would allow. I seemed to hear the hall door open very softly, close again, and, in a few moments, Janet stole lightly up stairs. I heard her quick feet spring along the passage, and then I returned to my bed.

There was no more sleep for me that night. Hour after hour, I lay pondering on what I had heard, trying, sometimes, to cheat myself into the belief that it was all my imagination, but it was useless to doubt the evidence of my own senses. I recalled Janet's strange conduct during the evening, and I felt there was some connection between this and what I had heard. But how was Janet in any man's power; and what did she mean by admitting him surreptitiously into our house at midnight. She was so open, so ingenuous, that if my thoughts rose up to reproach her, her face stood before me with the clear light shining down in her large, grey eyes, as the light of Summer mornings shines into deep rivers, and I could not doubt her truth and goodness any more than I could have doubted an angel's.

So the day, with its pillars of pearl, began to rise out of that black, wild night, and I turned over on my pillow, and murmured, "So light may be borne of this darkness, I will have faith in you, Janet," and went to sleep.

We met at breakfast as usual; no, not quite as usual, for there was still that strange, troubled look in Janet's face, though she was more composed, and there was a patient look in her eyes, as though she had really made up

her mind to bear a very inevitable sorrow. A faint suspicion that I might have been dreaming, still clung to me, and I resolved to remove all doubts of this from my own mind, without, however, betraying Janet to any of the family, for the sight of her sad little face touched me greatly.

"I wonder if anybody got into our house last night," I said, as Aunt Celia passed me the cream. "I'm certain I heard footsteps go by my door."

Janet started as though she was suddenly stung; her face grew blanched to a deathly pallor, and her fingers fluttered in great agitation over the napkin she was unfolding. Nobody regarded her but myself.

"Nonsense, Correl," replied my aunt, "you must have been dreaming. How in the world could anybody get into this house, locked up and barred as it is?"

A look of intense relief passed over Janet's features.

"No; I wasn't dreaming, either; I heard voices, too, and I'm convinced that somebody entered this house last night by fair means or foul."

"Well, we'll arm ourselves with broomsticks and dust-brushes, and search the castle," laughed my aunt. "Will you have some omelette, Correl?"

"There's nothing like a good, hearty breakfast to quiet people's nerves," said my grandmother, and so the matter dropped, for I would not pursue it further, to distress Janet.

After this, for several days, things went on as usual. Janet and I studied, and talked, and rambled through the garden just as we did before; and yet something was changed in the girl's manner; there was a hurry, a nervousness, an agitation in it, which was not natural to her. I knew, many times when I talked to her, by the dreamy, introverted expression of her face, that she did not hear a word I was saying. All this troubled, perplexed, sometimes tortured me; but my heart kept its old faith in the little girl, Janet Ames.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE WAYSIDE TENT.

BY MARY A. RIPLEY.

I AM aged; my hair is grey,
And dim is my fading eyes,
And I sit in my wayside tent,
And watch the years go by;
Some, like a laden beast,
Bear treasure to yon far shore,
And some, like prancing steeds,
Go, but return no more;
I care no more for gold;
I give no thought to fame;
But sit in my wayside tent,
Murmuring one dear name.

A name that is graven deep
On a snowy, marble stone;
O'er it the willows weep,
The willows and I alone;
The sunlight lovingly nestles
Within the violet's heart,
And the starbeams kiss the daisies
That o'er the low grave start;
Within her holy grave
My lonely heart would lie;
I wearily look from my tent,
To see the years go by.

I think, when the white snow melts,
And the grass begins to grow,
That before the Spring is gone,
My stricken life will go;
And when the land is rich
With rustling flowers and grain,
I wish my grave might be
Beneath the Summer rain,
For I sit in my wayside tent,
And watch the lingering tide,
Thinking of one who sat
Trustingly at my side.

I look to the golden gate,
To the golden paths of Heaven,
And pray, for the Saviour's sake,
My sin may be forgiven;
But there rises, within my soul,
A mystical, dazzling shrine;
Thereon my offering lies;
Thereon I pour my wine;
And I turn from the glowing past,
In my heart a yearning cry,
As I lonely sit in my wayside tent
Watching the years go by.

SKETCH OF VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

[We find, in the *Fort Edward's Institute Monthly*, the following very interesting sketch of our fair Associate Editor, and transfer it to the pages of the *Home Magazine*, as the best answer we can give to the many letters of inquiry received from her wide circle of admirers. It was written by an attached friend, and, as we learn, at the solicitation of one of the Professors of the Fort Edward's Institute. Since Miss Townsend has been writing for the Home Magazine, she has contributed to its pages some of the most charming sketches in the language. Purity, tenderness, and deep pathos, united with religious feeling, mark nearly everything that emanates from her pen.]—Editor Home Magazine.

Prof. Holley—Dear Sir: In complying with your request that I would furnish you with a sketch of the life of my friend, Miss Virginia F. Townsend, I must inform you, in the first place, that I know personally little of her childhood. Our homes, though both in Connecticut, being quite remote from each other, neither was at that time aware of the other's existence; therefore, my account must be confined chiefly to my personal interviews with her.

I believe she is a descendant of one Richard Townsend, a son of one of the Archbishops of the church of England; that he came to Boston some two centuries ago, and joined the Puritans, refusing all the entreaties of his family to return to his own country, and the religion of his fathers, and thus losing his large estates in England. One of his descendants, the great grandfather of my friend, removed to New Haven, where the family have ever since resided.

In a letter which I have lying by me, in reply to some questions of mine concerning her childhood, she says:

"My early life, was, with the exception of certain seasons, whose history would require a volume instead of a page, rather an introverted than an outward one; a childhood more of emotions and dreams, than of actual experiences.

"Somewhere, so early that my memory has failed to chronicle the time, the visions of an inward world were opened to me, and afterwards I heard its sweet airs, and dwelt mostly in the bright country, and among the fair children of my fancies.

"In the old rambling garden, at the back of our house, filled with fruit trees, and long lines of currant and gooseberry bushes, I played with my sisters, or sat on the grass under the apple tree. It was a very old tree; and oh, what stories the winds whispered to me, as they purled among its knotted boughs; what songs the birds sang amid the green ruffling of its branches; what a joy and wonder was that old tree, when it covered its age with the white blossoms of May.

"Then, in the first ten years of my life, I had a dozen rides, more or less, into the country; the *real* country, I mean, where I saw the deep, solemn woods, the green fields, the great hills, and the varied and wondrous designs of God's engraving on the earth. Nature and I looked straight into each other's faces. She knew her child. She took me to her heart. Those rides were grand epochs of my childhood, lifting themselves up, great peaks crowned with rosy light, in the land of my memory.

"I think this love of the country, and my fondness for poetry and rhyme, were the two passions of my childhood. School, in those early days, I abhorred, and do not know that I was particularly fond of any studies except elocution and history.

"But I had a little black-covered hymn book which a domestic had given me, on hearing me, one night when she carried me to bed, recite a verse of

"'The day is past and gone.'

This book, with its sweet solemn hymns, and another, Jane Taylor's Nursery Rhymes, divided my affection with the apple tree.

"You will readily perceive this sort of introverted, visionary life was not a healthful one, and it will explain some of the habits and tendencies over which I have often lamented to you. Physicians tell me that it partly accounts for that long, neuralgic illness which blanched all the hues of my young life, sealing almost all the avenues of outward enjoyment, leaving me only wearisome days of intense suffering, and at intervals of ease, the old happiness that never failed me—my dreams!"

My first meeting with Miss Townsend was in 1853, at my own home. She came to me on the last day of Summer, and made it a month longer by the tender warmth of her words and her smiles. We had corresponded for some time, having become known to each other through the few articles we had contributed to periodical literature. We were both young, both enthusiastic. It was in those early days of life, when the skies still seem blue and soft, and the steep heights of the future "recede into airy distances of dreams and faery." Weary and cold they will seem to our feet ere we climb them, so our elders tell us, but to our fancy they are the "peaks of the Delectable Mountains." Oh, they are very sweet, those worshipful, worshipping young days, before our faith in life is dimmed, when we believe in the goodness and poetry of existence, and are ready to do and dare the impossible. Viewed through this rosy, illusive haze, the meanest things wear a strange charm, and the soul, clinging to the heritage of its immortality, forgets that the best joys of this world are guarded, like our lost Paradise, by a "flaming sword which turns every way."

It was a face bright and hopeful, as it was delicate and gentle, which met my vision when I heard a carriage stop at the gate, and hurried down the walk to greet the expected visitor. I had previously seen a daguerreotype of Miss Townsend. I should not have known her from it, however. Hers is one of those expressive, changeful faces, always lovely, but with occasional inspired moments of lofty and peculiar beauty to which that severe artist, the sun, can do no manner of justice. I touch, with a feeling of delicacy, upon the personal appearance of one who is no creation of fancy, but a living, breathing reality. However, she has, in some sense, given herself to be the "world's own," by the public and honored position which her talents have won for her, and my sketch would be incomplete for those who have never seen her, if it gave them no idea of her form and features.

She is scarcely of the medium height, and her figure is rather slight. She has a pure, oval face, very pale and fair, lighted by large, deep-blue eyes. Her features are regular, and her hair is of so dark a brown as to be nearly black. After all, in giving you these items, I have but sketched an outline which might apply equally to fifty other women, but her expression, whose sweetness and charm cannot be defined by words, is her very own. So is the peculiar grace of her manner; the rare eloquence with which she expresses her thoughts in conversation not less than in her writings, and the soft, mellow tones of her voice.

Perhaps one of her rarest qualities is her exceeding truthfulness and earnestness. I remember this struck me particularly on our first meeting, and the impression has remained in full force through all our subsequent ones. She would pause in the midst of the most excited expression of her feelings, to be sure that she said neither more nor less than the truth.

She carries this conscientiousness into all the relations of life. Her affections are true as they are strong; her friendships sacred and unselfish. To this nature, so earnest and thoughtful, poetry and literature are rather a passion than an occupation. To write a story is to her no mere pastime; it is the vivid utterance of a truth which she feels that God has given her to speak. She loves poetry as her native language, and the eyes which have moistened, the hearts which have throbbed over her lines, will bear witness to her power.

She has, for more than two years, been the editress of "Arthur's Home Magazine," for which she has written many of her best articles, besides editorials, poems, monthly stories for children, and tales which have moved people of larger growth. She has contributed to its pages one long novel, entitled, "Look Out; a tale of New England." This latter will probably be issued in book form, and I venture to predict for it the welcome deserved by the force and symmetry of its plot, the pathos and beauty of its incidents.

In the Autumn of 1857, Mr. J. W. Bradley, of Philadelphia, published Miss Townsend's first book. It is entitled, "Living and Loving," and is composed of some of the best of her previously published stories, with two or three poems of equal merit. It is further adorned by a portrait of the authoress, a spirited engraving by Mr. Sartain, which does everything but speak.

Her literary biography, you will perceive, is already, for so young a woman, quite extensive. Success has hitherto attended all her efforts, and the future is full of pleasant promises.

Within the last year a shadow darkened heavily over her home. The sister who had hitherto shared all her life, to whom she was, perhaps, the dearest object on earth, went to sleep to wake only in the morning light of eternity. With such a grief the stranger may not meddle, but to one who both knew and

loved the departed, it may be permitted to lift the veil for a moment from a sorrow which can never pass away; which fell as heavily as it was borne meekly. Emilie, so we believe, is in Heaven; but who knows that she cannot look downward from its fair, far height, and rejoice with a rapture passing the joy of earth over every good deed done, every benison uttered by mortal lips upon the sister of her love. The years will not be long before the two who "grew together like a double cherry," may clasp hands, standing, both of them, on the shore of the bright river of life; but, in the meantime, the world will expect much from this young and ardent laborer in the "crowned band, who, whether or not they are the happy ones, are elected to the Heaven-given honor of being the workers of this world."

It is one of the rarest pleasures in life, the hope and faith with which we look forward to the success and honor of those gifted ones whom we ourselves know. May we live to see the laurels of triumph crown the brow of this young athlete in the field of literature, who is the subject of our sketch, and may we all hear the heavenly "well done," which shall be her best reward at last.

"WHY DON'T YOU WRITE?"

THERE are few things more neglected in the so-called *polite* world, than answering letters; this arises from an indifference, or a dislike to writing. The latter feeling is often so much indulged in, or rather, it is allowed to influence the possessor to such an extent, that a letter requiring an answer will be left for days and weeks, a constant and ever-recurring source of annoyance and reproach on account of the unpleasant remindings it gives from time to time of the neglect it meets with.

This repugnance to writing might soon be overcome by observing the following rule: simply to answer a letter the very first opportunity that offers; if looked upon as a disagreeable task, the sooner it is got rid of the better; but its advantages would not end here; for this practice, if resolutely pursued, would break down the barrier, and the difficulty would vanish. The same rule applies to indifference; it might soon be replaced by a love of writing. There is a fascination attending the use of the pen, that repays any trouble attached to it; for we find, the oftener we put our ideas on paper, the more easily we are enabled to express them, and at length thought follows on thought, in such quick succession, that the trouble is not *what to say*, but how to keep within necessary limits.

It must not be supposed that it is wished to encourage or to praise the mere habit of scribbling down passing thoughts, as a *proof* of good writing; that extreme is as much to be avoided as the other, and it is only necessary to mention the horror of some people at the sight of a crossed letter, which they invariably consign to the flames without attempting a perusal.

Conciseness and perspicuity add much to the charm of epistolary correspondence, as they do to the force and elegance of other writings, and it is as easy to curb a too redundant style, as it is to cultivate a free expression where it is wanting.

According to the rules of courtesy, a letter requires an answer, although it may not contain a direct question, nor any matter seeming to demand immediate notice. Any one who has had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the practice adopted in different houses of business in this respect, must entertain a favorable opinion of those where promptness on this point is observed; and when an intimation arrives to the effect that "your favor has been duly received, and that your commands shall have attention," you are at once impressed with confidence that your wishes will be carried out to your satisfaction in so well-ordered an establishment, where such system and method are maintained.

Such favorable results arising out of this practice in the commercial or business world, how needful is it to be observed in the social world, where, from the very nature of things, there must be a greater degree of uncertainty attending the effect your communication may have upon your correspondent; but however this may be, it is always gratifying to receive a courteous reply, and reflects most creditably upon the polite, even kindly feeling that dictates it.

PETRA, THE ROCK CITY.

In the year 1811, the celebrated traveller, Burckhardt, journeying from Sinai to the Dead Sea, discovered the ruins of a wonderful city, once powerful and renowned, but for many ages lost from the knowledge of the civilized world. It was called *Petra* by the Greeks, and *Selah* by the Hebrews, both words meaning *Rock*. It lay just below mount Hor, on the east side of the great valley El Arabah, and midway between the Dead and Red Seas. From this valley you first ascend low limestone hills, and then immense ranges and cliffs of dark porphyry, before reaching the irregular ridges of sandstone, 2,200 feet above the valley, among which Petra is hidden. These "mountains of Edom," separating the Arabah from the great Arabian desert, and twenty or twenty-five miles wide, are now rugged and desolate; but many fertile valleys, and traces of numerous cities, remind us of the time when Esau's dwelling was "of the fatness of the earth, and the dew of Heaven" was upon it.

The main passage into the city is on the east, and begins between two cliffs forty feet high, and fifty yards apart, which soon become higher, nearer, and crowded with excavated tombs. This winding ravine also gave entrance to a small stream; its sides at one place are but twelve feet apart, and nearly three hundred feet high. Descending still to a place where it opens broadly to the north, you come suddenly in view of the gorgeous front of the temple called *Khusneh*, with columns, entablatures, statues, &c., hewn out of the solid rock of which they still form a part. Within is a large and lofty room, and several small side chambers. Still further on, in a bend of the ravine towards the north, is a semicircular theatre, with seats, range above range, in the living rock, capable of holding four thousand men. Advancing still towards the west, the city itself bursts upon the view; a broad valley of a mile long, and in the widest part half a mile wide, surrounded by cliffs from four to six hundred feet high. This area is much enlarged by branch ravines on the sides; and not only the main valley was covered by dwellings, but the cliffs which line it and its branches, were honeycombed with excavations for the same purpose. Hence, the prophet calls this city, "Thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, whose habitation is high; that saith, 'Who shall bring me down to the ground?"

The main valley lying north and south is traversed by the stream above mentioned, on the banks of which most of the public buildings seem to have stood. Not far from the centre of the valley are the remains of a grand triumphal arch, whose glory, and even whose name is lost. West of this stands the most perfect remaining edifice of Petra, called, by the Arabs, "Pharaoh's house," about thirty-four paces square, with a colonnade, piazza, a noble arch, &c. The whole valley is strewn with ruins attesting the magnificence of the ancient city.

High up at the head of a ravine on the west side, is another temple of living rock, called the *Deir*, its front one hundred and fifty-two feet in length and height, and its lower columns, half-projecting from the rock, twelve feet in semi-circumference. Within is a large room, &c. It is almost incredible with what labor these countless public and private excavations have been made, and what a grand and peculiar aspect this city of the rock must have once presented. An almost magical effect is produced by the great variety of colors natural to the sandstone here found. Red, purple, black, white, deep azure, and bright yellow, are harmoniously blended, and shine with unparalleled brilliancy under an eastern sun. And if to the splendor of its appearance, and its military strength, we add its commercial grandeur—ancient and vast as we have reason to believe it was—we can imagine the pride and haughtiness of its idolatrous inhabitants. It was the great storehouse of Arabian commodities and luxuries. Its importance is recognized in 2 Kings, 14: 7, where we learn that Amaziah, King of Judah, "slew of Edom 10,000 in the valley of salt, (south of the Dead Sea) and took Selah by war, and called the name of it Joktheel unto this day." In the reign of Trajan it fell into the hands of Rome, and was afterwards a metropolitan see. But a century or two later it silently disappears from the annals of nations, and no historian tells how or when perished the once mighty capital of Idumea.

The spirit of the times requires in every man not only a thorough knowledge of his own profession, but much general knowledge, to enable him to keep pace with the rapid changes which are taking place around him.

THE CALCEOLARIA.

There are few denizens of the greenhouse more generally admired at present, than the Calceolaria, which, within the last few years, has grown into favor with florists, as well professional as amateur; and those of the former class have turned their attention to the hybridization of the few species which we possess. How eminently successful their experiments have been, the magnificent specimens which have been exhibited at the different flower shows amply testify; and their careful efforts have been well repaid by the admiration expressed of the produce of their ingenuity. There can be no question that, in this flower, art has greatly improved nature. There is nothing more beautiful or agreeable than a collection of the Calceolaria in full bloom. Their numerous pendant flowers closely resembling, and recalling to the mind of the observer, those of the Cypriperidum, or Ladies' Slipper; the delicate and varied colors which tinge their velvety corollas, presenting almost every variety of shade from yellow to a purple, blue, perhaps, excepted, have a charming effect.

DORA.

BY JENNIE LANE.

She came to us with the flowers,
In gayest Summer time,
When sunbeams marked the hours
In this, our Northern clime;
The birds were not more blithe than she;
The flowers were not more fair;
And sweetest rosebuds blushed to be
Twined in her soft brown hair.

Her face was full of sweet surprise;
Her voice of gladness, too;
And from her earnest, azure eyes,
The woman's soul looked through.
Capricious oft, but ever mild
As her own sunny sky;
Though woman grown, at heart a child
In truth and purity.

"Please love me," was her only plea;
'Twas all the boon she asked;
Within our hearts enshrined to be,
We were but lightly tasked.

We loved her for her own true worth,
And for the sister dear
Who early left the parent hearth,
Another home to cheer.

While Life was beautiful with love,
God took the breath He gave;
Another angel crowned above;
On earth another grave.
And now she comes in beauty bright,
The bud our lost one gave;
A blossom pleasant to the sight;
A sunbeam o'er the grave.

We gaze upon her youthful brow,
And dreams of other days
Come thronging thickly round us now,
Illumed by memory's rays.
Sweet stranger, welcome to our arms,
And welcome to our hearth;
We'll love you for your own rare charms,
And hers who gave you birth.

OUR CHILDREN;

OR, THE POWER OF HABIT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER III.

THE words of their guest did not grow silent in the ears of Mr. and Mrs. Greenfield, but were ever repeated to them as by another and more solemn voice. Not, however, until Mr. Greenfield made some effort to break through a habit of long confirmation, did he fully comprehend their import. While he went on in the old way, he was like a vessel gliding along with the current of a downward flowing river. All was smooth and calm. He was scarcely conscious of the progress he made, or the force of the stream upon which he was moving so quietly. But, the moment an anchor was cast, there came a rush of waters, and, for the first time, the power of the current was felt.

It seemed but a little thing in the eyes of Mr. Greenfield, when the subject first presented itself to his mind, for him to give up the free indulgence of his appetite for stimulating drinks. But when he made the trial, he discovered, alas! his error. The slumbering giant he had been nourishing for years, awoke within him, and demanded the old supply, and he had not sufficient resolution to refuse the demand. Conscious, however, of danger, where he had, before, feared no evil, Mr. Greenfield endeavored to lay restrictions upon himself—to drink within a certain limit. But after the first few glasses, he forgot his good resolutions, and when he arose from the dinner table, he groped his way as usual, up to his chamber, and there slept off the effects of his sensual indulgence.

But when a man like Mr. Greenfield, in whom some virtues and good impulses remain, is once made sensible that danger lurks in a favorite path, all sense of security and pleasure in that path, though it may still be trodden, is forever gone. When, therefore, the fumes of wine and brandy exhaled from his brain, and thought became once more clear, a troubled feeling was left behind. He felt that he was in a bondage, yet too weak to break the cords that were around him.

The first time that Henry came home from college to spend a vacation, after his parents had been startled from their false security, both saw, with feelings of indescribable pain, that he showed a fondness for eating and drinking, especially the latter, beyond what young men of his age usually exhibit. A week's observation and reflection increased rather than diminished their anxiety, which rose to a pitch of anguish on receipt of the following letter by Mr. Greenfield, from the President of the college:

MY DEAR SIR: I have observed, with regret, that your son exhibits a fondness for stimulating drinks beyond what is usual in persons of his age. If I did not think him in danger, I would not awaken your fears by this communication; but, having seen so many promising young men fall by the hands of intemperance, and become lost to themselves and society, I deem it but my duty to give you timely warning. I understand that he keeps a case of wine in his room, and uses it daily, with immoderate freedom. Every week, I am told, he joins about a dozen of his fellow-students in a convivial party in the town, and usually returns to the college buildings at midnight, in a state little short of intoxication. I have, on two occasions, conversed with him on the subject; but he considered my allusion to his weakness as altogether uncalled-for, and met my kind remonstrances with anger. One of our Professors has, also, talked to him, but with no better result. It pains me, my dear sir, to be the medium of such a communication, but a regard for the well-being of your son must be my apology.

Yours, with respect, &c.

For a few days Mr. Greenfield kept this communication to himself, but unable, in the bewilderment and distress it occasioned, to decide what steps to take, he placed the letter in the hands of his wife. The shock to Mrs. Greenfield was terrible. For a short time it completely prostrated her both in body and mind. The anxiety and alarm shown by Henry on account of the sudden indisposition of his mother, led his father to suppose that a knowledge of the cause might produce the most beneficial result. Under this view, he said to him, in answer to his earnest inquiries regarding his mother's sudden illness,

"The cause, Henry, is with yourself."

"With me!" exclaimed the young man, turning pale.

"Yes, Henry, with you," replied Mr. Greenfield, his voice and countenance reflecting the troubled state of his feelings. "Read that.

It will explain all." And he handed to the young man the letter he had received from the President of the College.

Henry read the letter over twice, before he looked up or made a remark. His father's eyes were fixed upon him intently, in order to observe every shade of the effect produced.

"The malignant scoundrel!" at length fell from the young man's lips, as he crushed the letter in his hands. He arose as he spoke, and commenced moving about the floor. His face was flushed, and his eyes shot forth glances of anger.

"Henry, is that letter true?" asked Mr. Greenfield.

"It is not true in the sense he would have it understood. He makes it appear that I am on the high road to ruin."

"You may be, my son," said Mr. Greenfield, calmly, "if the facts stated are true. A case of wine in your room! You are too young for that, Henry."

"I can't see, Father, what harm the wine being in my room is going to do. I don't drink any more than I would if it were not there. The President has only made it the plea for a most cruel and uncalled-for communication. And to think that Mother should have seen it!"

"I do not believe, Henry, that he had anything in view but your good. The letter bears that upon its face. Your convivial parties in town, and consequent late hours, were wrong. Such things are exceedingly dangerous, and yearly lead hundreds into ruinous courses of life."

"They will never lead me into ruinous courses," said the young man, who still walked the floor, and manifested a good deal of angry excitement.

"Not if you give them up in future. But if you continue them, your destruction is certain."

"Oh, Father! Why will you talk so. Why will you make, out of a little thing like this, a matter of so much importance!" exclaimed Henry, throwing himself, with an air of abandonment, into the chair from which he had, a few moments before, arisen.

"It is no light matter, my son."

"Cannot a young man drink a glass of wine without being in danger! I never heard this from you before. I have always seen wine and brandy on our table at home, and have always been permitted to take them."

"But it is plain, Henry, from what I have learned, that you now use these articles with a freedom that must, inevitably, lead to bad consequences."

"I don't think so, Father. I am sure it is not so."

And to this position the young man firmly adhered, at the same time that he manifested the most bitter resentment towards the President of the College, and did not hesitate to avow it as his intention to call him to an account for what he had done on his return, should he go back to the Institution.

For the distress and prostration of his mother, Henry manifested the liveliest sympathy; but he would not admit, for a moment, that the slightest ground existed for the unhappy effect produced on her mind by the communication which had been received. That was, he averred, a highly exaggerated statement, and dictated by no friendly feelings.

For two or three days Mrs. Greenfield kept her room, and then, looking pale and troubled, she once more resumed her usual place in her family. The effect upon Henry was, not to cause an abandonment of the pleasures of drinking, but to excite a constant feeling of anger towards the President of the College. He never saw his mother, that he did not inwardly execrate the person who, by throwing a gleam of light upon his path, had shown to his parents the dangerous course it was taking. As for himself, he believed not in the alleged danger, and could not comprehend why his father and mother should so causelessly distress themselves. His father had always used liquors freely, and still continued to do so; and he was not a drunkard. So he reasoned with himself.

Every day, the brandy and wine were upon the table as usual; Mr. Greenfield did not see how he could make a dinner without them. He partook freely, and it was not wonderful that Henry did the same. As for Mrs. Greenfield, the single glass that was filled for her, remained untasted, and could her husband and son have realized fully her feelings, when she saw the sparkling liquor pass their lips, they would have dashed their glasses to the floor.

It did not escape the observation of Mr. Greenfield, that Henry enjoyed his wine even more highly than he did his food; and that he filled his glass far too often.

"Is it right to place this temptation before him?" was a question that arose, naturally, in the father's mind, and he could not answer it in the affirmative. While he was debating the subject, Mrs. Greenfield said to him,

"I'm afraid we do wrong in placing either

wine or brandy on our table, while Henry is at home. What do you think?"

"I don't know," returned Mr. Greenfield, in a serious voice. He was not fully prepared to give up his favorite indulgence without an argument in its favor. "I'm afraid he does drink rather too much."

"It makes me very unhappy. And he is so unconscious of danger. I tried to speak to him yesterday about it, but he became impatient at my allusion to the subject, and said it was all on account of that letter. If something is not done to turn him from the way in which he has commenced walking, his ruin is inevitable. Oh, husband, we should stop at no sacrifice in order to save him."

The thought that this love of drink, manifesting itself at so early an age, was hereditary in his child, came flashing over the mind of Mr. Greenfield, and he said, with a despondency of tone that well expressed his feelings,

"What *will* save him?"

"We know not," replied his wife; "but now that we are aware of his danger, let us do all in our power to withdraw him from temptation. So long as he sees you partaking freely, counsel and warning will be useless; for, he will say, if these things do not hurt you, they cannot hurt him."

"True, true. Though I am not hurt by them, yet they shall be banished from my table."

A light glanced over the face of Mrs. Greenfield, and she said,

"I hope much from this change."

More was meant by this, than her husband understood.

Accordingly, on the next day, when the family assembled for dinner, neither wine nor brandy was on the table. The first impulse of Henry, who perceived this almost as soon as he sat down, was to remind his father of the omission; but the true reason suggesting itself to his mind, he remained silent and observant. Both his father and mother tried to introduce and carry on a cheerful conversation; but he could not join in it, except by a forced word now and then, for the wine bottle was before his imagination, and his thoughts were busy with the supposed reason for its banishment. Neither Mr. Greenfield nor his son enjoyed the rich and dainty food that was spread with an epicurean hand before them. One thing was lacking, an appetite stimulated by wine. Scarcely half the usual time was passed at the table, and then they arose and left the house.

Henry muttered to himself, as he walked along the hall to the street door,

"This is too much! To be treated as if that letter were true in the broadest sense!"

But he did not reflect that the very reason why he had little appetite for his dinner, and why he was now leaving the house, proved the truth of the President's inferences and fears. Young as he was, the first barrier placed between his hereditary and acquired taste for stimulating drink, showed the movement of a strong current that was bearing him towards a coast upon which hundreds and thousands had already been shipwrecked.

On leaving the house, Henry went to a fashionable drinking establishment, and seating himself at a table covered with newspapers, ordered a waiter to bring him some brandy punch. Ten minutes afterwards, on raising his eyes suddenly, he encountered those of his father. Mr. Greenfield was sitting in an alcove, before a table, on which was a bottle of wine. A draught of air had blown aside the curtain that hid him from general observation, and on looking up, he saw his son with an empty glass beside him, and Henry saw his father indulging in the pleasures of which both had been deprived at dinner. Another movement, and the curtain fluttered back to its place, and the elder Mr. Greenfield was alone again. Neither the father nor son felt very pleasant at this mutual discovery. The former had taken about a fourth of his bottle of wine. When, a quarter of an hour afterwards, he came slowly and half stealthily from his hiding place, he left behind him more than half the bottle he had hoped to enjoy. Henry was gone.

The young man was not home at tea-time, and did not come in until towards ten o'clock, when, instead of joining his parents in the family sitting-room, he went direct to his chamber. It would not have made their sleep any sweeter, had they seen him.

CHAPTER IV.

Henry Greenfield did not return to college. He expressed an unwillingness to meet the President again, after what had occurred, and his parents were equally unwilling, under the circumstances, to have him go back, and remain for a year longer removed from the sphere of their observation and influence. The mental loss to the young man they deeply deplored; but that was a small consideration placed against the moral injury he was likely to sustain among his old associations. The

design had always been to educate Henry for a merchant; and accordingly, on leaving college, he entered his father's counting-room, where, by his quickness, intelligence, and the interest he took in business, he inspired the liveliest hopes for the future. But over these hopes hung, ever, a threatening cloud.

The meeting of Henry and his father in the refectory, was, to the latter, a most painful and mortifying incident; but it produced a salutary change, for it awoke a train of reflections that ended in this pointed question:

"If this habit is so strong in me that I transmit to my child an inordinate desire for stimulating drinks, am I not also in danger?"

Mr. Greenfield could not answer in the negative. He was in danger, and he felt it.

"For my own sake, and for the sake of my boy," he said, "I must break through this habit."

This he clearly understood to be no easy matter; for, in the temporary opposition already made, he had discovered that he was grasped in the hands of a giant, and that freedom would only come as the result of a resistant force almost superhuman. But, once fully sensible of his position, and clearly alive to the danger of his son, he resolved upon a desperate struggle for liberty. And, as he had a strong will, strengthened by a natural pride of consistency, he was successful. Wine nor brandy never came back to his table; were never again seen in his house. Nor did he, under any pretence, use them.

Thus free himself, he could, with more consistency and hope of success, seek to work out the freedom of his son. But, alas! he found it utterly impossible to awaken in the mind of Henry a sense of danger. When he sought to induce him not to drink any kind of intoxicating liquor, the young man would answer,

"I am conscious of no danger, Father. I do not drink more freely than other young men. You seem to imagine that I have really become intemperate."

"Not intemperate, Henry; but in danger of becoming so; and my warning is meant to be timely. I know, far better than it is possible for you to know, the peril you are in. Believe me, it is great."

"Did you not use these things at my age, Father?"

"Yes; I own that I did."

"And you have used them ever since. But you have never become their slave."

Mr. Greenfield could not confess his weakness to his son; neither could he tell him the whole truth touching the real ground of danger. That would have been too humiliating.

"I have given up their use entirely," was the simple reply.

"Not because you think it wrong for you to drink wine or strong liquors, but in the hope that I would follow your example. I am sorry for this, Father. You deprive yourself of a stimulant necessary at your age, as well as from long habit, without influencing me in the least, because I see no reason for doing what you propose."

"No, Henry. It is not necessary for me. I am better without it. I feel satisfied of this every day. Heaven knows I wish I had never tasted any beverage stronger than water!"

The reader can imagine how sincerely these last words were uttered.

But argument and persuasion were alike useless. Henry's appetite was too deeply seated in the very substance of his life. He loved the taste of liquor too well, to think of giving it up. But, with this love, which was not so freely indulged after his return to New York, as it had been during the last year he spent at college, was a total unconsciousness of danger, notwithstanding the alarm sounded by his parents. Other young men, with whom he associated, drank as occasion offered; wine flowed like water in many companies into which he was thrown; yet no one thought himself in the way to intemperance. No; it was only a chimera conjured up by his parents, in consequence of the letter they had received from the President of the College.

The banishment of all intoxicating drinks from the table of Mr. Greenfield, and their entire expulsion from his house, had the effect to deceive him in regard to the extent to which they were used by his son, who was regularly at his post in the counting-room, and active in the discharge of all the duties that devolved upon him in the business. It was in the evenings that Henry indulged himself most freely. But a long time did not go by before the effects of these evening indulgences were visible to the mother's anxiously observant eyes, in the changed expression of his face. She could do nothing, however, but look on, and wait with trembling for the result. Fully alive to his real danger, yet without the power to ward it off, her daily life was one of intense anxiety and fear.

As time moved on, it seemed to Mr. and Mrs. Greenfield, that the evil so dreaded, was long delayed; or, indeed, might not visit them. Two or three years had passed along, and

yet no very alarming symptoms were manifested.

"It may be," said the mother, one day, "that the stand we have taken towards Henry has saved him."

"I have hoped as much," returned Mr. Greenfield, "yet I tremble while I hope. Until he cuts himself off entirely from indulgence in drink, there is great danger."

"A year or two may give his reason more control."

"Or confirm an overmastering evil habit."

"Let us hope for the best," said the mother, whose mind was rising into some degree of confidence. "There was a time when my heart was sick with fear. I do not feel so now. Something tells me that my son will not fall into the gulf that seemed opening at his feet."

Mr. Greenfield saw more than did the mother, for his observation was wider in extent. He had, therefore, less confidence. But he did not seek to throw a cloud over her feelings.

On that very evening Henry was absent at tea-time, and to the mother's inquiries, Mr. Greenfield said but little; though her questions evidently made him even more serious than he was before.

"Was Henry at the store during the afternoon?" asked Mrs. Greenfield, after they had retired from the tea-table.

"Yes; until about five o'clock."

"Where did he go then?"

"Two young men called to see him, and he went away with them."

"Who were they?"

"I don't know."

"Did you ever see them before?"

"Yes. They called to see him one day last week."

No more was said. Mr. Greenfield sat down to read, and Mrs. Greenfield and her daughter Florence, now a young lady, went up stairs, and spent the evening in some light employment. Ten o'clock at length came, and Florence retiring to her own chamber, Mrs. Greenfield came down to the sitting-room.

"Hasn't Henry come yet?" she asked.

"No, not yet," replied her husband. "It is more than probable that he has gone to the opera, and will not be home before eleven o'clock. He goes frequently, you know."

"Yes. But he does not take Florence with him as often as he should. Indeed, he shows her very few attentions of this kind. His neglect of her pains me."

"She is attached to him."

"Oh, yes! Tenderly. She would do almost anything to gratify him. I wish he were equally considerate of her."

For half an hour they continued to converse about the young man, when the street door bell was rung violently. Without waiting for a servant to answer the summons, Mr. Greenfield stepped quickly into the hall, and going to the door, opened it. As he did so, the body of a man fell in heavily against him, and rolled upon the floor. Mrs. Greenfield had followed her husband, for there was a misgiving at her heart. As the man struck the floor, the light of the hall lamp fell on his face, and showed the flushed and disfigured countenance of Henry Greenfield!

A cry of pain was uttered by the mother, as she clasped her hands together, and sprang forward. The moment Mr. Greenfield understood that it was his son, in a state of drunken insensibility, he returned to the door, which yet stood partly open. But no one was there. Those who had brought him home, had hastily retired.

But few can realize what was suffered during that almost sleepless night by the father and mother of the unhappy young man. From the lips of Mrs. Greenfield, the cup out of which she had begun to sip a draught of hope was dashed to the ground, and she felt, in the keenness of her despair, as if the very life would fail in her heart. But, to the sterner grief of Mr. Greenfield, was added a weight of self-reproaches that almost maddened him at times. If his son were lost, it would be, he felt, in consequence of his own sensual indulgence, whereby he had transmitted a life tainted by a vicious inclination. He had cursed his son with a legacy of evil instead of good. The words of the old man who had been his guest came back with a distinctness so clear that it seemed as if he were but just uttering them. Once he tried to negate the whole theory advanced, and for a short time argued strongly against it as absurd. But his own perceptions of truth swept away the arguments he advanced, for they were light as gossamer.

The dawn found both weary with thought and sorrow. Nature then gave way, and they sunk into a brief, but troubled sleep. All, except Henry, met at the breakfast-table, half an hour later than usual.

"What keeps Henry?" asked Florence, looking earnestly first at her father, and then at her mother, wondering, as she did so, why their faces wore so troubled an aspect.

Mrs. Greenfield turned to the waiter, and

directed him to go and call Henry. When the waiter came down, he said that the young man did not feel very well, and wished a cup of coffee sent up to him. This was done. The meal was finished in silence, and Mr. Greenfield went off to his store.

Henry made his appearance about twelve o'clock, with all the evidences of his evening's debauch about him. Mr. Greenfield felt it to be his duty to allude to the matter; but the allusion was met on the part of his son in such an impatient spirit, that his lips trembled on the words of remonstrance he was uttering, and then became silent.

In the afternoon the young man went away again, and was absent at tea-time. It was after twelve o'clock when he came home; and he was so much intoxicated, that he could just stagger up to his room, where he threw himself upon the bed, and remained all night without removing his clothes. Daylight found him sober, both physically and mentally. He had been deeply mortified in consequence of what had occurred on the evening before the last, and although signs of impatience were manifested when his father alluded to the subject, in his shame and repentance he had resolved never again to let his appetite lead him astray from sobriety. How little force there was in this resolution, became sadly apparent even to his mind; for scarcely twenty-four hours elapsed ere he had again fallen. The groan that issued from his lips, as he arose and clasped his hands tightly against his throbbing temples, attested the anguish of his spirit.

"To degrade and debase myself in this way!" he murmured. "Oh! it maddens me to think of it. Others can enjoy a glass of wine without running into excess. But the moment I put the generous draught to my lips, a feverish, delightful excitement runs through my veins, tempting me to indulgence, until I pass the bounds of moderation. Why is this so? I have a vigorous constitution; and, I believe, a strong mind. I do not understand it."

And, with his hands still bound upon his temples, he sat questioning himself as to his weakness; but without obtaining the true answer. That this weakness was constitutional, or derived by inheritance—an heirloom of evil—was a truth beyond the ability of his mind to conceive, for there was nothing to lead him to such a conclusion. That his father had indulged a habit of drinking to excess, was something he did not know; something of which he had not dreamed; and, as to the doctrine of hereditary transmissions, he had never heard of it; or, if it had chanced to gleam across his mind in any of his miscellaneous readings, it had never presented itself to him in its real light as a truth of most vital and practical importance. In a word, he did not know that he was in more imminent danger than many others, because of a natural inclination to over-indulgence, derived from his father. Had this truth been then made clear to his mind, it might have saved him. But who was there, beside his father and mother, that understood his real danger? Who but they knew the painful secret? And their lips were sealed. The father could not tell his shame, and the mother's heart shrunk from uncovering it before her child. He was walking, therefore, in a perilous way, yet all unconscious of impending evil.

At breakfast time, Henry Greenfield met the family as usual. He had little appetite for food, but he forced himself to eat, in order not to attract more observation than he felt was already directed towards him.

On leaving the house, he went to a noted drinking establishment, and called for brandy and water. This act did not arise from a purpose of the mind, but was the result of mere inclination; or, more properly speaking, a desire for the stimulant he had accustomed himself to take. The brandy brought back his already weakened nerves to their lost tension, and he felt, in consequence, much better, and in a condition to attend to business as usual.

Having lost the control of himself two evenings in succession, Henry was more upon his guard when he went into drinking company; and months elapsed before he again fell into the disgraceful condition of absolute drunkenness. Yet he indulged every day freely, thus giving strength to his natural appetite, and weakening the force of his good resolutions.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Greenfield had said a word of the instant conclusion to which their minds had come, from the position laid down by the old friend to whom we have referred. The former believed his wife unconscious of danger to Henry from this cause; and she, with the natural delicacy of one bearing her relation, avoided, with the most scrupulous care, the utterance of a word which would lead her husband to imagine that she believed their son in peril from hereditary taint. The consequence was, that the fear of each was locked in its own bosom, and was more con-

stantly present to the mind, because it was unuttered.

How deep was their anxiety few can imagine, for few have realized, so fully as they did, the perilous way their child was treading. They saw him progressing, step by step, and yet could not sound in his ears an adequate warning. Gradually, and to the eyes of his father and mother, apparently, the arms of the foul demon of intemperance were clasped more and more tightly around him. In his twenty-fifth year they saw, if others did not, most appalling indications of a speedy breaking away of all the barriers of restraint. Scarcely a week elapsed, that he did not come home in a state little removed from drunken insensibility.

But there occurred, about this time, a change that filled the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Greenfield with a trembling hope. Henry became enamored of a beautiful young lady, whose character was lovely as her person; and for her society he forsook, almost entirely the company of young men with whom he had led a gay life of pleasure and dissipation. He seemed, too, to have become aware of his danger, for it was evident that he drank far less freely than before. His face lost, to some extent, its florid appearance, and his complexion became clearer, and his countenance more elevated.

Agnes Loring, the young lady whose beauty had captivated Henry Greenfield, felt her breast warm with a sentiment kindred to that with which his own was inspired. She received his advances with favor, and when he offered his hand, was prepared to accept it.

From the proposed union the parents of Henry hoped much; and yet they looked forward to the new relation he was to assume with many misgivings of heart, and much fear and trembling.

CONCLUSION IN NEXT NUMBER.

"ONLY HERE."

BY MISS A. C. SAUNDERS.

THE rain is dropping sad and slow,
And like a midnight dirge of woe,
The sad night voices come and go.

I press my hands upon my face,
And sigh for Morpheus' soft embrace,
And yet he turns away his face.

My spirit's hall is lit to-night,
And each apartment gleams with light,
With quivering flashes, soft and bright.

A vision of the past appears,
Its lights and shadows, hopes and fears,
Its eyes of sunshine, dim with tears.

The flower-broidered, narrow way,
Where unsuspecting children stray,
In life's young twilight, cool and grey;

The waning of that youthful grace,
The lines of care that leave their trace,
As cold Reality's pale face

First meets the pleasure-lighted eye;
And buds of romance droop and die,
As some Simoon had hurried by;

And some bright star that rose o'er all,
We saw, like blazing meteor, fall;
Third of our pleasures, turned to gall.

We mingle last, on life's great plain,
Where the world's giant, Love of Gain,
Fetters the spirit with his chain.

Yet, as the needle to the pole,
Some unseen magnet draws the soul;
It longeth for a higher goal.

This is the sweetest thought of all;
That when this "mortal coil" shall fall,
And we escape this human wall,

The soul, in its true atmosphere,
With faculties unveiled and clear,
Shall find its own congenial sphere.

As some exotic deeper dyes,
In softer airs, and bluer skies,
So its unfettered wings shall rise,

And drink in deep and full supplies
Of that for which it vainly sighs,
While yet it wears the world's disguise

Though all seems cloudy, cold and drear,
Life's stars grow paler, year by year,
Forget not, it is "only here"

Each has his mission to perform;
All feel the sunshine and the storm;
Pleasure and sorrow are twin born.

Never yield thy standard to grim Fear;
Battle for right; the river's near;
'Tis fair beyond; the strife is "here."

Rutland, May, 1858.

OUR NEW NEIGHBORS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Concluded.

THE little girl, as I have said, lay upon the sharp stones on which she had fallen in her endeavor to escape from the dog, her little white face turned up pitifully, almost imploringly, to the sky. As I stood looking down, horror-struck, upon her, it seemed to me the little fallen figure stirred slightly, and a new hope dawned in my heart. In less than five minutes I was kneeling down by it, and chafing the thin, brown hands.

In a few moments my cousin leaned her startled face over the edge of the hollow.

"Is she killed, Thomas?"

"I hope not, Madge. Oh, if I only had some of the water in the well close by."

"I'll go and get it in the cup," she answered, now quite subdued. The little girl's eyes slowly opened. They were large, shy, brown eyes, the prettiest feature of her face, and they fastened themselves on me with a look of mingled wonder and alarm, that went directly to my heart. "Don't you feel better now?" I said, tenderly as I could.

"Where am I? What does it mean?" she murmured, staring wildly about her. Then looking up, she caught sight of Bruno peering down at us, with that solemn, oracular expression of countenance of which canine physiognomies are sometimes capable. She gave a quick, loud shriek, and quivered in every limb.

"Don't be scared, little girl," I said. "He wouldn't hurt you for all the world, though he barks, and looks so savagely. Come, now, see if you can't sit up, and don't be afraid of him. It was *real* wicked for us to set him to running at you, but you see we knew he wouldn't bite, and so we just thought we'd have a little fun."

She took hold of my arm, and keeping her great eyes fastened on the dog, lifted her head.

"What is the matter?" I asked, for the girl clutched my arm suddenly, and a shiver crept over her.

"I don't know, only my ancle aches so," and the great tears ran over her eyes.

At that moment Madge returned with the cup of water. She seemed greatly relieved to find the little girl was able to sit up; and as soon as her anxiety was abated, she told me she had seen a carriage hurrying up the road to our house, and she was certain her father was inside. "Oh, Thomas, I am so glad!" was her interjectional conclusion.

"Well, Madge, you had better run right home, then. I'll take care of you, little girl," I said, placing the cup of water to her lips. But I must say I thought it seemed rather selfish in my cousin, to go off without expressing any more sympathy for the little girl, whose fright and fall she had occasioned, and my opinion has not altered to this day.

"Now, little girl, take hold of both my hands, and see if you can't stand up."

She made the effort, but sank back, crying, "Oh, my ancle! my ancle!"

I was really alarmed. "I'll lift you up; now be brave, and I'll help you walk home; then your mother can do something for your ancle, you know."

The little girl looked up at me with a sorrowful earnestness in her soft brown eyes. "I haven't any mother," was all she said.

How the words smote my heart, for they belonged to me as well as to her, and my thoughts went back to that far-gone time when I had seen her, my gentle mother, lying cold and white in our parlor, with the May roses strewn all about her sweet face.

"How sorry I am I let Bruno chase you," I said again. "You've got somebody to take care of you, haven't you?"

"Yes; I've got a grandma; but she is old, and I don't like to trouble her much. Then there is Willy, he's sick all the time, with the hip disease, and can't go out to see the blue sky, and hear the birds sing. Oh, dear, I've lost my flowers, too!"

"No matter, I'll bring you a big bunch of flowers to-morrow, from our garden, for Willie; roses, and pinks, and jessamines."

"Will you! will you?" How the brown eyes brightened and glorified the little pale, sunburnt face.

Well, I succeeded at last, in lifting the little girl out from the hollow. Her face grew very white, and several times I thought she would faint, but, notwithstanding all her shyness, she had a great deal of fortitude. It was nearly half a mile to her home, but I carried her nearly all the way, for she was obliged to remove her shoe, her ancle was so swollen.

"Why, Abbie, what in the world ails you?" asked the old woman, who came to the door with a brown handkerchief pinned over her shoulders, a snowy cap with a very deep border, while she peered anxiously through a pair of large, silver-bowed spectacles.

The dog chased me, Grandma, and I fell into a hole half full of stones; and I never should have got out, if this boy had not brought me."

"I'm sure it was no more than I ought to have done, ma'am," I answered, "when I set the dog on her; but I'm very sorry I did it."

Then I carried the little girl into the parlor of the brown house. It was very plain, with its striped carpeting, and dark, wooden chairs; but everything was scrupulously neat.

"Abbie! Abbie! what is the matter?" a weak voice fluttered into the room, and looking through the half-open door, I saw Abbie's invalid brother, as he lifted his head from the lounge to look at us.

His face was very white, and very thin, and his long, dark hair hung over his forehead, and his eyes, so much like hers, were preternaturally bright, as those are over which the grass will grow in a little while. He was about my own age, and two years his sister's senior, as I afterwards learned. Poor, poor Willie!

Mrs. Greene asked me to place Abbie in the rocking chair, and then she brought a huge bottle of camphor, and commenced bathing the swollen ancle very tenderly; but the child winced and trembled every time the old woman touched it. But when the grandmother asked, anxiously, "Poor little lamb, does it hurt?" she answered, "Not so *very* much."

"If I ever laugh at any of them again I hope I shall be choked," I murmured to myself, as I hurried home, just after sundown, and then there was a rising and swelling in my throat, which came very near fulfilling my wish on the spot.

I had intended to acquaint Aunt Mary with all that had transpired, as soon as I reached home; but she was so much engaged between the kitchen and parlor, that this was quite impossible. Madge's parents, with several of their cousins, had made an unexpected advent, and she was in quite too delectable a state of mind to remember anything about the little girl in the brown house.

The next morning my cousin left with her parents, who were going to Saratoga, and as soon as I had an opportunity, I acquainted Aunt Mary with all that had occurred the previous afternoon. She did not censure me; she only shook her head, and said, "Oh, Thomas! Thomas!" But in half an hour she was on her way to the house of "our new neighbors."

When she returned, she informed me that Abbie's ancle had been seriously bruised, and she would not be able to walk for several days. "The old lady has told me something of the history of their lives," she said. "They have seen better days, but they are very poor now. The father died at sea six years ago, and the mother soon followed him, and the boy will shortly meet his parents in Heaven. It is very touching to see him lying there so patient, with his young life wasting away; and he is just your age, Thomas! Only think of it!"

I *did* think of it, and it is a pleasure to me to remember, now, how much I brightened the last hours of the boy's life. Every day I went to the old brown house by the mill, carrying Willie fruits, and flowers fairer than any which grew among the green wood hollows; and oh, how the white face would brighten at my coming, and the deep, burning eyes would glow like jewels when the sun strikes suddenly through them.

Abbie slowly recovered from her injury, and dear Aunt Mary immediately took her wardrobe in hand, and the leghorn bonnet was consigned to the spiders and cobwebs in a corner of the garret, and a very becoming blue bonnet took its place, while some neat muslins and calicoes completely metamorphosed the personal appearance of Abbie Greene.

October came, and when the first notes of the year's farewell were swelling mournfully among the boughs of gold and crimson, the little orphan boy went home to "our Father who is in Heaven."

Poor Abbie! it almost broke her heart when she heard the grey sods piling cold and heavy on his coffin; but I stood very near, and drawing close up to her, I whispered so low that nobody heard me, "Don't cry, Abbie, I'll try and take Willie's place, if you'll let me."

She did not answer, but she placed her little brown hand in mine.

Well, we grew up together. Abbie went to the village Academy several years, and greatly surpassed Mrs. Blake's daughters in scholarship, although it was a long time before they would condescend to speak to her. Afterwards, I was absent from Medfield for five years, passing four at college, and the last in traveling. During this time Abbie taught school, and supported her old grandmother, until at last there was another grave made close by Willie's among the long Summer grass.

Abbie Greene has another name now; the name I gave her one night, two Autumns ago, in the old brown church of Medfield.

God has blessed us, dear children, and every night and morning my heart thanks Him for bringing to the old brown house near the mill, *our new neighbors.*

WORD COMBINATIONS.

Boys and girls will find it an amusing exercise of their ingenuity, and not a bad lesson in spelling, to discover all the words which can be made out of the letters of some other word. It will be found that some words are much more productive in this way than others; for instance, from the little word *Breath* may be made not less than thirty-three still smaller words, as:

Bear	Hate	Tar	Bar	Heat	Tear
Bare	He	Tare	Bat	Her	Eat
Bate	Hear	Ear	Be	Hare	Are
Bet	Heart	At	Beat	Herb	Tab
Bath	Hater	Rat	Brat	The	Rate
Hat	Tea	Earth.			

From the word *Parliament* as many as 200 words may be made.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

COOKERY FOR CHILDREN.

IT is of great consequence to fix the times of taking food, as well as to regulate the quantity given to a child. The mother should, personally, attend to these arrangements; it is her province.

There is great danger that an infant, under three years of age, will be overfed, if it be left to the discretion of the nurse. These persons, generally, to stop the screaming of a child, whether it proceeds from pain, crossness, or repletion, (as it often does) give it something to eat; often that which is very injurious, to tempt the appetite; if it will only eat and stop crying, they do not care for the future inconvenience which this habit of indulgence may bring on the child and its mother.

Arrange, as early as possible, the regular times of giving food to your children, according to their age and constitution. Young infants require food every two hours, when awake; after three months old, they may go three hours; then cautiously lengthen the time as the child can bear it. But remember that all temperaments are not alike. Some of the same age may require more food than others. One rule, however, will apply to all; never give a child food to amuse and quiet it when it is not hungry, or to reward it for being good.

But do not err on the other hand, and, for fear your child should be over-fed, allow it insufficient nourishment.

The rational course seems to be, to feed infants, till about three years old, chiefly with milk and farinaceous vegetable preparations; a large portion of good bread, light, well-baked, and *cold*, should be given them; after that period, proportion their solid food to the amount of exercise they are able to take. Children who play abroad in the open air, will require more hearty nourishment; more meat than those who are kept confined in the house or school-room. From the age of ten or twelve, to sixteen or eighteen, when the growth is most rapid, and the exercises (of boys especially) most violent, a sufficiency of plain, nourishing food should be given; there is little danger of their taking too much, if it be of the right kind, and properly cooked. But do not allow them to eat hot bread, or use any kind of stimulating drinks.

Food for a Young Infant.—Take, of fresh cow's milk, one tablespoonful, and mix two of hot water; sweeten with loaf sugar, as much as may be agreeable. This quantity is sufficient for once feeding a new-born infant; and the same quantity may be given every two or three hours, not oftener, till the mother's breast affords the natural nourishment.

Thickened Milk for Infants when six months old.—Take one pint of milk, one pint of water, boil it, and add one tablespoonful of flour. Dissolve the flour first in half a teacupful of water; it must be strained in gradually, and boiled hard twenty minutes. As the child grows older, one-third water. If properly made, it is the most nutritious, at the same time the most delicate food that can be given to young children.

Broth.—Made of lamb or chicken, with stale bread toasted, and broken in, is safe and healthy for the dinners of children, when first weaned.

Milk.—Fresh from the cow, with a very little loaf sugar, is good and safe for young children. From three years old to seven, pure milk into which is crumbled stale bread, is the best breakfast and supper for a child.

For a Child's Luncheon.—Good sweet butter, with stale bread, is one of the most nutritious, at the same time the most wholesome article of food that can be given to children after they are weaned.

Milk Porridge.—Stir four tablespoonfuls of oatmeal, smoothly, into a quart of milk, then stir it quickly into a quart of boiling water, and boil it up a few minutes, till it is thickened; sweeten with sugar.

Oatmeal, where it is found to agree with the stomach, is much better for children, being a fine opener as well as cleanser; fine flour, in every shape, is the reverse. Where biscuit powder is in use, let it be made at home; this, at all events, will prevent them getting the sweepings of the baker's counters, boxes, and baskets. All the left bread of the nursery, and hard ends of stale loaves, &c., ought to be dried in the oven or screen, and reduced to powder in the mortar.

Meats for Children.—Mutton, lamb, and poultry, are the best. Birds, and the white meat of fowls, are the most delicate food of this kind that can be given. These meats should be slowly cooked; and no gravy, if made rich with butter, should be eaten by a young child. Never give children hard, tough, half-worked meats of any kind.

Vegetables for Children, Eggs, &c.—Their rice ought to be cooked in no more water than is necessary to swell it; their apples roasted, or stewed with no more water than is necessary to steam them; their vegetables so well cooked as to make them require little butter, and less digestion; their eggs boiled slow and soft. The boiling of their milk ought to be directed by the state of their bowels; if flatulent or bilious, a very little curry-powder may be given in their vegetables with good effect—such as tumeric and the warm seeds (not hot peppers) are particularly useful in such cases.

Potatoes and Peas.—Potatoes, particularly some kinds, are not easily digested by children; but

this is easily remedied by mashing them very fine, and seasoning them with sugar and a little milk. When peas are dressed for children, let them be seasoned with mint and sugar, which will take off the flatulency. If they are old, let them be pulped, as the skins are perfectly indigestible by children's or weak stomachs. Never give them vegetables less stewed than would pulp through a cullender.

Puddings and Pancakes for Children.—Sugar and egg browned before the fire, or dropped as fritters into a hot frying-pan, without fat, will make them a nourishing meal.

Rice Pudding with Fruit.—In a pint of new milk put two large spoonsfull of rice well washed; then add two apples pared and quartered, or a few currants or raisins. Simmer slowly till the rice is very soft, then add one egg beaten to bind it. Serve with cream and sugar.

To Prepare Fruit for Children.—A far more wholesome way than in pies or puddings, is to put apples sliced, or plums, currants, gooseberries, &c., into a stone jar, and sprinkle among them as much sugar as necessary. Set the jar in an oven or on a hearth, with a teacup full of water to prevent the fruit from burning; or put the jar into a saucepan of water until its contents be perfectly done. Slices of bread or some rice may be put into the jar, to eat with the fruit.

Rice and Apples.—Core as many nice apples as will fill the dish; boil them in light syrup; prepare a quarter of a pound of rice in milk, with sugar and salt; put some of the rice in the dish, and put in the apples, and fill up the intervals with rice, and bake it in the oven till it is a fine color.

A nice Apple Cake for Children.—Grate some stale bread, and slice about double the quantity of apples; butter a mould, and line it with sugar paste, and strew in some crumbs, mixed with a little sugar; then lay in apples, with a few bits of butter over them, and so continue till the dish is full; cover it with crumbs or prepared rice; season with cinnamon and sugar. Bake it well.

Fruits for Children.—That fruits are naturally healthy in their season, if rightly taken, no one who believes that the Creator is a kind and beneficent Being, can doubt. And yet the use of Summer fruits appears often to cause most fatal diseases, especially in children. Why is this? Because we do not conform to the natural laws in using this kind of diet. These laws are very simple and easy to understand. Let the fruit be ripe when you eat it; and eat when you require *food*.

Fruits that have *seeds* are much healthier than the *stone* fruits. But all fruits are better for very young children, if baked or cooked in some manner, and eaten with bread. The French always eat bread with raw fruit.

Apples and Winter pears are very excellent food for children; indeed, for almost any person in health; but best when eaten at breakfast or dinner. If taken late in the evening, fruit often proves injurious. The old saying, that apples are *gold in the morning, silver at noon, and lead at night*, is pretty near the truth. Both apples and pears are often good and nutritious when baked or stewed, for those delicate constitutions that cannot bear raw fruit. Much of the fruit gathered when unripe might be rendered fit for food by preserving in sugar.

Ripe Currants are excellent food for children. Mash the fruit, sprinkle with sugar, and with good bread, let them eat of this fruit freely.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

A child who fears God and honors his parents is armed for the world's warfare with a breastplate, which, if not invulnerable, at least will turn aside many an arrow. Our favorite Tupper quaintly but truly says: "When his reason yieldeth fruit, make thy child thy friend, for a filial friend is double gain, a diamond set in gold. As an infant thy mandate was enough; as he grows in years, let him hear thy reasons." Believe me, we wantonly trifle not only with our own happiness, but with that of those little ones committed to our charge, when we neglect to watch over the treasures we ought so dearly to prize—when we trifle with the hearts, minds, and souls of our children, ignoring their value, our responsibility, and the awful reckoning which will be required of us. We are all too apt to treat children as dolls; to dress and caress them one hour, and send them out of our way the next, not deeming that beneath the seeming thoughtlessness and gayety of those little ones there lurks a world of feeling and sensibility. Kindness is as necessary to them as daily food. We do not mean false indulgence, but considerate kindness. An unjust, a cold or harsh word or action, especially if undeserved, penetrates the heart of a child with as keen a sting as it does ours; and who shall say how many have grown up callous and reckless from having their first affections blunted, their feelings and wishes disregarded. Consistent practice is worth a whole world of precept, and example will influence while words or coercion are fruitless.

Lastly, but not of the least importance in the good training of children, it should be rigidly observed by parents never to show any difference of opinion in their treatment before them. Nothing can be more pernicious to their moral culture, engendering in them habits of disobedience, for they cannot obey one parent without disobeying the other. We earnestly recommend attention to this observance, for, besides the evil of disobedience that is almost sure to follow a difference in opinion from those in authority over the child, the latter is sometimes prone to disregard the instructions and admonitions of both, and set up principles of his own more in accordance with his inclinations, however erroneous they may be.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

LONGEVITY OF LITERARY MEN.

THE concluding lecture of the series of Smithsonian Lectures, delivered by Dr. Wynn, was confined to the effect of leisure and literary employment upon the duration of life. The lecturer drew his examples of a life of leisure chiefly from English records, which embrace a class among the English nobility who are placed above the necessity of labor, and are necessarily freed from the ordinary stimulants which, in the usual walks of life, move men to exertion. Until the last few years, the members of noble families were supposed to be placed in circumstances highly favorable to longevity, but carefully collated facts, derived from the most authentic sources, by Professor Guy, of King's College, London, showed that, with a few rare exceptions, such as those of Sir Ralph De Vernon, who is said to have attained the age of one hundred and fifty years, and three Misses Legge, descendants of the Earl of Dartmouth, two of whom died at 105, and one at 111, the duration of life was less among them than in any other class, and far below those embraced in the list of friendly societies, made up entirely of the working classes. Of the members of the privileged classes in England, Kings were found to have the shortest length of life; next peers of the realm, then expectants of titles, and highest in the list, those noblemen whose grades of title placed them nearest the mass of the whole population. From this it would appear that labor formed an essential requisite in producing those conditions necessary to a length of days, and that those who were placed above its contingencies, were rather to be pitied than envied.

Among those who were embraced in the literary class, were some who, like natural philosophers, generally attained great length of days, and others, as poets, in which the duration of life seemed to be short. Between these two classes there were many grades, whose position in the scale was generally defined by the absence or presence of the imaginative faculties in the production of their works. As a general rule, the calm and exalted studies of the philosopher, although often severe, were found to be favorable to longevity, while the development of that imaginative faculty by means of which the poet was enabled to weave his conceptions into verse, was found to abridge its duration.

In addition to the effect produced by different species of literary labor upon their prosecutors, there was no doubt that individual peculiarities had much to do with inducing a favorable or unfavorable result. This was especially the case with poets, who were, as a class, men of irregular lives. The instances of Burns, Cowper, Beattie, and Byron, were cited as examples of this position, and many of their personal peculiarities were detailed, showing them to have lived either in a state of great excitement, or of the deepest melancholy.

SUGGESTIONS TO PRESERVE HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

Be careful to retain a good digestion, and a clear conscience.

Use the bath sufficiently for cleanliness, and the agreeable sensations of the skin.

Take frequent exercise in the open air, by walking, riding, running, &c,

Have suitable employment for the mind and body, agreeable to the taste.

Eat slowly till hunger is satisfied, but not to repletion. Avoid constipating articles of diet.

Quench your thirst frequently with pure, cold water. Avoid thirst-provoking condiments.

Do not use tobacco in any form.

Attend promptly to the indications of nature.

Do not dress more warmly than is requisite for comfort.

Let your shoes, belt, and other parts of your dress, be easy, giving free course to the blood and to digestion.

Do not retire to bed with a head full of troublesome thoughts, but relieve it by pleasant conversation, music, a hymn, a dance, or a run in the open air.

On retiring, the head should be cool, and the feet warm.

Be bold to speak the truth, and not bow your conscience to any power.

Preserve your self respect, and your courtesy to others.

Be temperate in your enjoyments, religious without bigotry, and liberal without wounding the prejudices of any.

As a general rule, pursue such a course as, on the whole, shall be most comfortable.

Take sufficient labor or exercise to keep the body lithe, the head erect, and the motions easy.

The true lady, as well as the true gentleman, should be perfectly upright, both in person and character.

Associate with agreeable companions; love your relatives and friends; cultivate your own mind, taste, and sentiments, and instruct others.

Endeavor to be happy, and assist others to be the same.

Contribute to the improvement of your kindred, your country, and the world.

Learn wisdom in general, wherever it may be found. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Hints for Housekeepers.

To Cleanse the Inside of Jars.—There is frequently some trouble in cleansing the inside of jars that have had sweetmeats, or some other articles put in them for keeping, and that when empty were wanted for future use. This can be done in a few minutes, without scraping or soaking, by filling up the jars with hot water, (it need not be scalding hot,) and then stirring in a teaspoonfull or more of pearlash. Whatever of the former contents has remained sticking upon the sides and bottom of the jar, will immediately be seen to disengage itself, and float loose through the water. Then empty the jar at once, and if any of the former odor remains about it, fill it again with warm water and let it stand undisturbed a few hours, or till next day; then empty it again, and rinse it with cold water. Wash phials in the same manner. Also the inside of kettles, or anything which you wish to purify or clear from grease expeditiously and completely. If you cannot conveniently obtain pearlash, the same purpose may be answered nearly as well by filling the vessel with strong ley, poured off clear from the wood ashes. For kegs, buckets, crocks, or other large vessels, ley may be always used.

To Keep Silk and Velvet.—Silk articles should not be kept in white paper, as the chloride of lime used in bleaching the paper will probably impair the color of the silk. Brown or blue paper is better, and the yellowish, smooth India paper is best of all. Silks intended for dress should not be kept long in the house before they are made up, as lying in the folds will have a tendency to impair its durability, by causing it to cut or split, particularly if the silk has been thickened by gum. Thread lace veils are very easily cut. Dresses of velvet should not be laid by with any weight on them, for if the nap of thin velvet is laid down it is not possible to raise it up again. Hard silk should never be wrinkled, because the thread is easily broken in the crease, and it never can be rectified. The way to take the wrinkles out of silk scarfs and handkerchiefs, is to moisten the surface evenly with a spoon and some wheat glue, and then pin the silk with some toilet pins around the shelves, or on a mattress or feather bed, taking pains to draw out the silk as soon as possible. When dry, the wrinkles will have disappeared. It is a nice job to dress light-colored silk, and few should try it. Some silk articles should be moistened with weak glue or gum-water, and the wrinkles ironed out with a hot flat-iron on the wrong side.

Directions for the Care of Family Linen. When linen is well dried and laid by for use, nothing more is necessary than to secure it from damp and insects; the latter may be agreeably performed by a judicious mixture of aromatic shrubs and flowers, cut up and sewed up in silken bags, to be interspersed among the drawers and shelves. These ingredients may consist of lavender, thyme, roses, cedar shavings, powdered sassafras, cassia, lignea, &c., into which a few drops of otto of roses, or other strong-scented perfume, may be thrown. In all cases it will be found more consistent with economy to examine and repair all washable articles, more especially linen, that may stand in need of it, previous to sending them to the laundry. It will also be prudent to have every article carefully numbered, and so arranged, after washing, as to have their regular turn and term in domestic use.

Noodle Soup.—Take two eggs, beat together with sufficient flour to make it crumble, add salt, pepper, and a small lump of butter, stir it into a pint and a half of boiling water, it is done as soon as stirred in. It is good added to chicken broth.

A Word about Mush.—This is a dish very generally used, but seldom boiled enough. It should boil at least an hour; and to prevent lumps, mix the meal smoothly in a little water before it is used for thickening. A small handful of flour improves it.

Prepared for the Home Magazine, by Mrs. P. P. Bonney.

Cream Cakes.—*Inside*: One-half cup of flour; one cup of sugar; two eggs. Boil one pint of new milk; beat the flour, eggs, and sugar together, and stir into the milk while boiling until sufficiently scalded. Flavor with extract of lemon or vanilla. Boil the milk in a kettle of water or it will have a burnt taste.

Outside: One-half pint of water, one-fourth pound of butter, five eggs, two cups of sifted flour. Boil the water and butter together, stir in the flour while boiling. When cool add the eggs, beating them well together, and one-fourth teaspoon of soda. Drop them upon buttered tins, making them quite thin; bake one-half hour. Then open them with a knife at the side, and insert as much of the above mixture as you like.

Pickled Cherries.—Two pounds of sugar to each quart of vinegar, boiled with a few sticks of cinnamon and whole cloves. When cold put in the cherries and cover them closely. Skim the vinegar while boiling. These are very nice—they retain the flavor of the fruit unimpaired, and remain unshriveled through the year. Prepare plums and grapes in the same way.

Peaches.—One pound of sugar to each quart of vinegar. Wipe the peaches, and stick a clove or two in each. Pour the vinegar over them while boiling hot. After a few days boil the vinegar again and pour over them.

THE TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

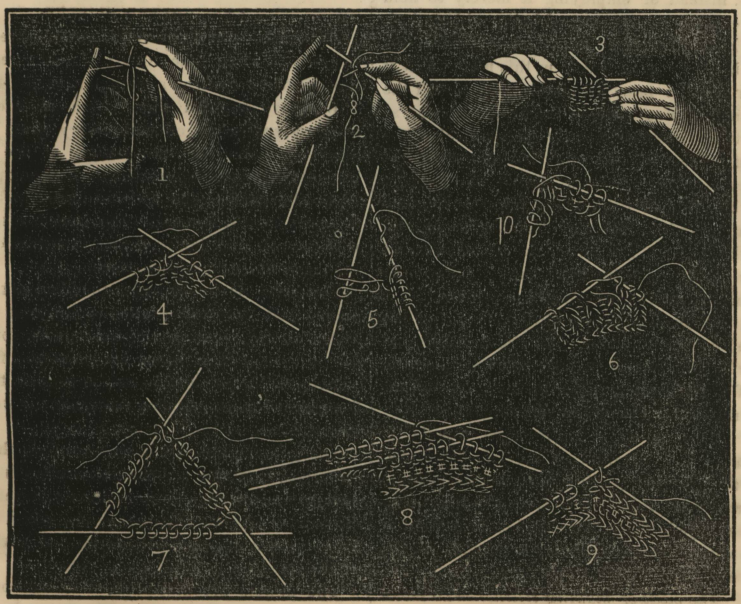
FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1858.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT, OF NEW YORK.

DETAILS OF THE COLORED PLATE.

LADY ON THE LEFT.—*Coiffure* composed of lace and cornelian cherries of velvet. Hair disposed in easy *roleaux*. Collar and sleeves in *entredeux* of muslin alternating with cherry ribbon underneath. Robe of *taffetas* in little squares, with lozenge *quilles* of black velvet, graduated in size from the bottom to the waist. The high body is longer in the waist than when last reported—waists are lengthening and crinolines diminishing; and it is very pointed behind and in front, with a point over each hip. The body is edged round the bottom with velvet, and trimmed at front in keeping with the skirt. Pagoda sleeves, slanted from the centre of the bottom up to the inside of the arm, and trimmed to correspond with the body and skirt. Amber kid gloves, and lace boots of French satin.

SECOND TOILETTE.—Robe of black taffetas, in two skirts; the second trimmed with violet ribbon, on which is fringed two bands of black lace, touching at the head. Shawl of the same material, and in keeping with the dress, but with the widths of lace and ribbon greater than for the skirt. Bonnet of white crape, recovered with white or black lace, and ornamented with white iris and Persian violets. Collar and undersleeves of embroidered muslin. Straw-colored kid gloves, and *botines* of black satin. This dress is very appropriate as second mourning for a distant relative. Next month we shall be able to give a description of the new style of goods and the set style of bonnets and dresses; but at present they are not fully established.



INSTRUCTIONS IN KNITTING.

ALTHOUGH the art of knitting is known perhaps more generally than almost any other kind of fancy work, still, as the knowledge is not universal, and there have been of late years great improvements in many of the processes, we hope that a short account of all the stitches, and the elementary parts of the craft, will be welcomed by many of our friends; and most seriously would we recommend them to attain *perfection* in this branch of work, because, above all others, it is a resource to those who, from weak eyes, are precluded from many kinds of industrial amusement, or who, as invalids, cannot bear the fatigue of more elaborate work. The fact is, that knitting does not require eye-sight at all; and a very little practice ought to enable

any one to knit whilst reading, talking, or studying, quite as well as if the mind were unemployed. It only requires that the fingers should be properly used, and that one should not be made to do the duty of another.

The implements used for knitting, are rods or pins of ivory, bone or steel. The latter are most commonly used, and should have tapered points, without the least *sharpness* at the extremity.

Fig. 1. *The first process in casting on.*—Hold the end of cotton between the first and second fingers of the left hand, twist it over the thumb and forefinger, and bend the latter to twist the cotton into a loop; bend the needle in the loop; hold the cotton, attached to the reel, between the third and little fingers of the right hand, and over the point of the forefinger; bring the thread round the needle, by the slightest possible motion; bend the needle towards you, and tighten the loop on the left hand finger, in letting it slip off to form the *first* stitch.

Fig. 2. Now take that needle, with the loop on it, in the left hand, and another in the right. Observe the position of the hands. The left hand needle is held between the thumb and the second finger, leaving the forefinger free, to aid in moving the points of the needles. This mode of using the forefinger, instead of employing it merely to hold the needle, is the great secret of being able to knit without looking at the work, for so extremely delicate is the sense of touch in this finger, that it will, after a little practice, enable you to tell the sort of stitch coming next, in the finest material, so that knitting becomes merely mechanical. The engraving indicates the mode in which the right hand needle should be held. Insert the point in the loop, bringing it behind the other needle, slip the thread round it, bring the point in front, and transfer the loop to the left hand needle, without withdrawing it from the right hand. Repeat the process for any number of stitches required.

Fig. 3. *Plain Knitting.*—Slip the point of the right hand needle in a loop, bring the thread round it, and, with the forefinger, push the point of the needle off the loop, so that the thread, just twisted round, forms a new one on the right hand.

Fig. 4. *Purling.*—The right hand needle is slipped in the loop *in front of* the left hand one, and the thread, after passing between the two, is brought round it; it is then worked as before. The thread is always brought forward before beginning a purled stitch, unless particular directions to the contrary are given.

Fig. 5. *The mode of making stitches.*—To make one, merely bring the thread in front before knitting, when, as it passes over the needle, it makes a loop; to make two, three, or more, pass the thread round the needle in addition, once for two, twice for three, and so on.

Fig. 6. *To Decrease.*—Take one stitch off without knitting; knit one, then slip the point of the left hand needle in the unknitted stitch, and draw it over the other. To decrease two or more, slip one, knit two, three, or more together, as one, and pass the slip-stitch over.

Fig. 7. *The way to join a round.*—Four or five needles are used in round work, such as socks, stockings, &c. Cast on any given number of stitches on one needle, then slip another needle in the last stitch, before casting any on it; repeat for any number. When all are cast on, knit the first two stitches off on to the end of the last needle. One needle is always left unused in casting on for a round.

Fig. 8. *The way of joining the toe of a sock, or any similar thing.*—Divide all the stitches on to two needles, hold both in the left hand, as if they were one, and in knitting, take a loop off each one, which knit together.

Fig. 9. *To cast off.*—Knit two stitches; with the left hand needle draw the first over the second; knit another; repeat. Observe that the row before the casting-off, should never be very tightly knitted.

Fig. 10. This shows the mode of knitting three stitches together, so that the centre one shall be in front. Slip two off the needle together; knit the third, and draw the others over together.

To raise a stitch, is to knit the bar of thread between the two stitches, as one.

EMBROIDERED SLIPPER.

Materials.—Black velvet; ombre olive silk, of the coarsest size; blue ditto, and gold thread about the size of boar's head sewing cotton, No. 4.

We have selected this design as one of the simplest specimens of embroidery, from the few colors employed, and the easiness of the stitches. The design is to be increased so as completely to cover the front of the shoe, and the scroll must be reversed for the second. The heel is also worked with a scroll, and flowers drawn to correspond with the front, but long and narrow.

The scroll is worked with the olive silk, in close chain stitch, care being taken to join on a new needleful at the same part of a shade as you left off the last one. This forms the greatest difficulty in working with ombre silks, as the sudden transition from light to dark, or vice versa, has the worst possible effect.

The gold thread we have named in the list of materials, is useful for the diamonds seen within a part of the scroll. It is laid on the velvet, and sewn over with fine silk of the same color, the ends being drawn through the velvet at the extremities of the lines.

The flowers are first worked in soft cotton, and then in ombre blue silk. The threads must be close together, and lying in the direction indicated in the engraving, for every part.

Silks in short shades, should be chosen for this slipper, and we think that velvet, with a silk face, would be found sufficiently good for ordinary purposes, the other materials being of an inexpensive sort, and the work very rapidly done. It is, indeed,

selected for our more juvenile friends, who may wish to make acceptable presents to Papa or Mamma without incurring too much expense, or losing too many play-hours.

RIDING DRESS.

This riding dress is of fine bronze-colored cloth. The corsage is open, and laced half-way up from the waist, with loops of braid extending from a row of malakite buttons, set in wrought gold, that stud each edge of the opening in front. The basquine is deep, and falls back abruptly in front. The sleeves are set in full, and plaited down some three or four inches from the shoulders, leaving considerable fullness between it and the wrist, where they are gathered into a narrow band, buried from sight by the chamois-colored gauntlet; a chemisette of plain linen, plaited down the front, and a moderately large collar, complete the graceful richness of the habit The skirt is, of course, long and ample, falling in massive folds down the side of the horse.

FRENCH CAPS.

No. 1 Is arranged on a foundation of black lace. The crown is round. The centre is formed of blonde insertion, with two ruffles of blonde lace falling at the back, and one toward the front, which is slightly pointed and edged with a broad apple-green ribbon, over which is laid a rich black lace, scolloped on either edge. The side-trimmings are formed of broad black velvet loops and narrow green ribbon, mingled with blonde and a single loop of velvet. A broad ribbon streamer floats down each side.

No. 2 Is a combination of tulle, blonde and ribbon, which a French artist knows so well how to fashion into a thing of grace and beauty. It is composed of tulle and pointed blonde, with tufts of roses mixed with blue ribbons and narrow black velvet at the sides. On the top of the cap is a flat bow with long ends made of blue ribbon, edged with narrow blonde.

SUMMER UNDER-SLEEVE, IN LACE INSERTION AND EMBROIDERY.

The extreme heat of the weather has given rise to corresponding lightness of attire, and the creative fancy of those whose business it is to supply the novelties of fashion, for the different seasons, with the varieties of ornamental embroidery, have produced many articles of extreme elegance in the way of sleeves, collars, caps, &c., for Summer wear. We have selected a very new and extremely pretty and light specimen, formed by a combination of lace insertion and a little embroidery. A cap or under-sleeves made in this manner has an exceedingly tasteful appearance, and is particularly appropriate for wearing with the very thin muslin and barege dresses at present so prevalent. The expenditure of work is so very small, and the arrangement so very simple, that any lady can, with the greatest ease, execute this style of work. The materials which are required are pretty light lace insertion, which must be tacked down on to a piece of the green oil-skin, so much used in embroidery, with care, so as to cross each other with regularity, forming a square between each. These open squares are filled in with very fine thread. On the squares, where the lace crosses, (which is double), a simple sprig of leaves is worked in well raised satin-stitch, which, besides giving it a richness of effect, adds considerably to its strength. We feel sure that this very pretty arrangement would be greatly admired, when completed, for many ornamental purposes.

The quickness with which it can be done gives it a great additional recommendation. The open squares must be filled in with Messrs. Walter Evans & Co.'s beautiful Persian thread, and sprigs worked with the same makers' *Perfectionne* Embroidery Cotton, No. 20.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

TO BE AN AUTHORESS.

They sat together in the little front chamber, the two cousins, and it was just that time when the Summer twilight was loosening its golden curtains, fluted with pink and spangled with silver, in the West.

They were both young, and one the world called beautiful; and so she was, if freshness and glow of complexion, if dark lustrous eyes, and beaming smiles, and varying, piquant expression can make a woman so. She was rich and fashionable; her silk robes, her sparkling jewels would have told you this; and she had dropped in to pass a day with her cousin, the authoress of some half dozen volumes, on her journey from Nahant to Niagara.

"It must be a glorious thing, Rowena," said the lady, in her soft rapid voice, with sundry flutterings of her small graceful hand, "to be an authoress, to have your name everywhere, and everybody wondering about you, and wanting to see you—to get the piles of letters, and world of praises that you do. I declare I'd give everything I possess to be an *authoress*."

"Would you, Hester?" The speaker looked up with a faint sad smile, and shook her head. I cannot tell what further answer she would have made; but at that moment her cousin was summoned down stairs.

And Rowena Brace rose from her seat and walked up and down the room, in the musing fashion that

had become a habit with her. "A glorious thing to be an authoress!" she murmured. "Have *I* found it so?"

And then she thought of her childhood, with its struggles with pain and poverty, and little trials that no eye had seen, or ear had heard. She thought how, at last, her life had come into its womanhood, and crowned her with what the world called *success;* and what was that success?

She looked round the little front chamber, and that answered her. There were a few pictures on the walls; there were rows of books in their cases; there were heaps of letters on the table, and these were all!

She thought how, through all the Summer that was going by her, with its "joy of leaves," and glory of sunshine, she must sit there at her work, with vain dreams and longings for the gurgling brooks, the cool, deep, country shadows, the murmur of soft winds in the trees, and the song of birds on the hills; while from her quiet window, in the suburbs of the city, there were only faint passages, and suggestions of beauty, and narrow strips of blue sky.

She thought, too, of the burden of unrealized aspirations and ideals, which filled her soul with a long homesickness of unrest, and craving of her youth of ceaseless work, with its wear and tear on her nervous system, and of the grave which all these things in a little while must make for her, and bowing down her head on her hands, Rowena Brace murmured, while the tears washed through her fingers:

"Oh, it is a burden, a work, a long misery to be an authoress!"

"Is it nothing more than this, Rowena?" whispered the soft voice of the angel whose white wings had fluttered unseen into the chamber. "Is it nothing more than this, for you to know that the daily words spoken by your pen are like blessed seed scattered in hidden valleys and bye-places of this world—that they have been morning dew to some hearts, and evening fragrance to others—that they are lilies of truth, and love, and peace, blossoming in many households—that they have been strength to the weary, and balm to the wounded, and guidance to the little children; and that when you fold up your hands, and lie down your head to its long rest, they shall say of you: 'She has not lived with us in vain?'"

And Rowena Brace clasped her hands, and a great light from her soul stole up and consecrated her face as she murmured triumphantly: "It is a glorious thing, though not as the world understands it, it is a glorious thing to be an authoress."

V. F. T.

TO LIVE.

"May God make us patient to live!" prays Henry Ward Beecher, in his Life Thoughts; and reader, hasn't your heart often echoed this prayer?

For our own part, we don't think it's an easy thing *to live;* we don't believe it ever was, since the gates of our home was closed, and our Father and Mother went out with the curse on their heads, to wander home-sick over the face of the earth!

And what is it *to live?* It is a long battle with evil, and temptation, with weakness of body, and weariness of soul, with care, and vexations, with sharp sufferings, and petty trials. It is to hear always the discords of sin drowning the harmonies of life; it is to bear disappointments, and hidden heart aches, and unrealized aspirations that "crown us with thorns." Oh, it is not a light thing *to live!*

Let God forbid that, in writing thus, we should seem ungrateful, or unmindful of His mercies, or of all the joy and beauty with which He has crowned the earth. Does not the night come for every soul of us, with its mighty and solemn speech, and its curtains run up with cornices of gold, and purple, and every fold struck thick with flashing jewels? Does not every day rise out of the night, (did you ever think of this) a glorious miracle? First of all, out of the blackness and darkness comes the dawn, with its pillars of pearl, and its flutings of rose; and at last, royal and radiant, comes the day, glistening with dews, perfumed with all fragrances, and welcomed with all sweet-flowing melodies!

Have we not, all of us, the seasons, with their lavish treasuries of gifts and beauties? There is the Winter, that cold sculptor, setting all over the land its white massive cathedrals and monuments! There is the Spring, with her smiling face, and her hands "full of sweet-smelling, wild flowers!" There is the Summer, with its "joy of leaves," its song of birds, and its glory of woods and streams! There is the Autumn, coming from "afar with its dyed garments," and its burdens of juicy fruits.

And yet, with all these gifts heaped on us from God's royal bounty, it is no easy thing *to live.* Oh, ye who strive to carry your lives, truly, bravely, patiently, through this world, answer ye us, *is* it a little thing? Is it not little more than "a succession of falls," its chief glory being, that having fallen it is not content to lie there?

No; it *does* require patience *to live.* The soul goes home-sick through time. The storms batter and bruise it; the cares eat and corrode it. Look at existence as you will, it is still a struggle and a battle! But blessed be God, not a long one! The hearts that have beaten to this march for seventy years, looking back, say the journey only appears a day's length.

And for us, reader, it will be over *so soon*; so soon shall we "rest from our labors," and the winds will be stirring the short, green grass over our graves. And going out on that unknown ocean, we can carry but one prayer—the one that binds all our humanity in common need and helplessness; the same for prince, for peasant, for saint, and sinner; all that any soul ever has, ever shall carry out from this life:

"God be merciful to me, a sinner."

So "may God make us patient *to live.*"

V. F. T.

THE TRUE PRINCIPLE OF EDUCATION.

We have before us a clearly written pamphlet on the subject of education, which contains sound, philosophic, and practical views on a subject much talked of, but too little understood. It is from the press of Crosby, Nichols & Co., of Boston. The title is as follows: "*The True Principle of Education. The Law of Nature; the law of Mental Development; a New View of the End of Juvenile Culture, especially as regards the Female mind.* By E. A. BEAMAN."

The school should be a nursery, with a view to promote the health and growth of the mind, and to secure these, nourishment and action are indispensable. The nourishment that is suitable is palatable, and the action that is healthy is agreeable. The mind is organic in its structure and its wants, like the body. Health and growth of mind, and not knowledge—not discipline—are then the ends of education, and there must be an adaptation of means to ends. The state and wants of the mind, and its proper natural action, are to be considered. By making the conditions of health and growth the leading ends of education, extraneous stimulants which encourage the intellect, at the expense of the heart, are avoided, and the love of knowledge and the love of action are substituted in their place; dullness and stupidity are awakened into new life, and the school, instead of being regarded with aversion, is resorted to with pleasure. A little knowledge acquired in this way is more beneficial and effective, than whole systems acquired by the cramming process, in which the aim of the teacher is to communicate the greatest possible amount of information in the least possible space of time. Mr. Beaman aptly compares knowledge acquired in the latter way "to leaves and fruits artificially stuck upon trees, which have no real connection with the living fibre," while "all true learning is woven into the very substance of the mind, and is fastened there by some delight." "During the *forming* period of the mind," he well adds, the great object should be, not so much "to freight the vessel, as to give to its walls capacity, strength, and durability."

The following suggestion is a very important one:

"All pupils should form such habits of application as to be capable of getting through with all their mental labor in the usual school hours. Such states of application should not be continued after the usual school hours, however agreeable they may be. The practice of poring over books at home, when the mind has been in such vigorous tension at school, cannot be otherwise than injurious. The effect must be similar to that of overtaxing the energies of the body, whether with food or with exercise. It blunts and stupefies the faculties, and destroys their healthy tone, and what is acquired under such circumstances is more an appearance than a reality. In fact, it is worse than an appearance. It is a violation of organic law, and this can never take place without positive injury."

This idea is well and strongly put by Mr. Beaman in the pamphlet before us, and not only the rising, but the risen generation should feel under obligations to him for it. How many parents are there, on whom devolves the principal business of educating their children, out of school hours, in nearly all the branches of education which they are sent to school to learn, and for which the highest prices of tuition are paid. The practice is erroneous, and entitled to marked condemnation, not only on account of the wrong done by it to the pupils, but also to the parents.

Mr. Beaman takes the true position that the sexes are different from each other throughout their entire mental, as well as physical organization; and that the union of the two in one is perfect in proportion to this difference; that they are made for each other, and that it takes both to make a perfect one. Their education, therefore, should be adapted to their constitutional differences. The mind is *born* male or female, and the effort to give the female mind characteristics that do not belong to it, is not only vain, but a cruel violation of the laws of health and growth.

The pamphlet before us is a simple one, and contains some new, striking, practical views on a rather hackneyed subject. Mr. Beaman has opened a female school in this city, and we wish him all success in his efforts to test the value of his theory by a practical demonstration of its excellence.

HOME DIFFICULTIES.—The author of "A Woman's Thoughts about Women," makes these sensible remarks:—"The house-mother has her difficulties, aye, be she ever so gifted with that blessed quality of taking them lightly and cheerfully. It is not pleasant for lazy ladies to get breakfast over at that regular early hour which alone sets a household fairly going for the day; nor for unarithmetical ladies, who have always reckoned their accounts by sixpences, to put down each item, and persevere in balancing periodically, receipts and expenditures; nor for weakly, nervous, self-engrossed ladies to rouse themselves sufficiently to put their house in order, and keep it so, not by occasional spasmodic "setting to rights," but by a general methodical overlooking of all that is going on therein. Yet, unless all this is done, it is in vain to insist on early rising, or grumble about waste, or lecture upon neatness, cleanliness and order. The servants get to learn that "Missis is never in time!" and laugh at her complaints of their unpunctuality. They see no use in good management or avoidance of waste:—"Missis never knows about anything." She may lecture till she is weary, about neatness and cleanliness:—"Just put your head into her room and see!" For all moral qualities, good temper, truth, kindliness, and, above all, conscientiousness, if these are deficient in the mistress, it is idle to expect them from servants or children, or any members of the family circle.

TITCOMB'S LETTERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE.

Scribner, of New York, has just published a volume of unusual point and freshness, entitled, *Letters to Young People, Single and Married, By Timothy Titcomb, Esq.* It is not quaint, or humorous, as the author's *nom de plume* might lead us to infer, but just grave enough to hold the reader's serious attention, while truths of the highest importance to social well being are taught in a style that wins, by its easy flow, and in language that is addressed to the homeliest common sense. "Titcomb's letters" will do good. We select a few of his well-pointed remarks:

"If there is anything in this world that a young man should be more grateful for than another, it is the poverty which necessitates starting life under very great disadvantages. Poverty is one of the best tests of human quality in existence. A triumph over it, is like graduating with honor at West Point. It demonstrates stuff and stamina. A young man who cannot stand this test, is not good for anything."

"Poverty saves a thousand times more men than it ruins, for it only ruins those who are not particularly worth saving, while it saves multitudes of whom wealth would have ruined.'

"No, my boy, if you are poor, thank God, and take courage, for he intends to give you a chance to make something of yourself."

"One of the greatest benefits to be reaped from great financial disasters, is the saving of a large crop of young men."

"A young man who cherishes impure images, and indulges in impure conversations with his associates, is poisoned. He is not to be trusted."

"Girlish attachments, and girlish ideas of men, are the silliest things in the world. If you do not believe it, ask your mothers. Ninety-nine times in a hundred, they will tell you that they did not marry the boy they fancied before they had a right to fancy anybody. If you dream of matrimony for amusement, and for the sake of killing time, I have this to say, that, considering the kind of young men you fancy, you can do quite as well by hanging a hat upon a hitching-post, and worshipping it through your chamber window."

"The husband who comes home at night, and finds his wife dressed to receive him, dressed neatly and tastefully, because she wishes to be pleasant in his eyes, cannot, unless he be a brute, neglect her, or slight her graceful pains-taking. It is a compliment to him. It displays a desire to maintain the charms that first attracted him, and to keep, intact, the silken bonds which her tasteful girlhood had fastened to his fancy."

"A clerk, on a modern salary, has no right to be seen with a segar in his mouth. Three segars a day, at five cents apiece, amount to more than fifty dollars a year. Can you afford it? You know you cannot. You know that, to do this, you have either got to run in debt, or steal. Therefore we say you have no business to be seen with a segar in your mouth. It is presumptive evidence against your moral character."

EVERY ONE HAS PECULIAR GIFTS AND SPECIAL DUTIES.

If we could clearly comprehend this, and at the same time be willing to let it govern our actions, each of us would be happier and more useful than we now are. The trouble with most men and women is, that they are more ambitious of the honors, or imagined privileges that appertain to the spheres in which other men and women move, than they are to work faithfully in their own spheres of life. On this subject, a certain writer thus speaks with convincing reason. "God appoints to every one of his creatures a separate mission, and if they discharge it honorably, if they quit themselves like men, and faithfully follow that light which is in them, withdrawing from it all cold and quenching influences, there will assuredly come of it such burning as, in its appointed mode and measure, shall shine before men, and be of service, constant and holy. Degrees infinite of lustre there must always be; but the weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him, and which, worthily used, will be a gift also to his race forever."

SEPTEMBER.

She has kindled her watch-fires in the west! Piles of amber and flames of crimson make glorious her sunsets. The nights are cool with dews, and sad with the chirping of crickets. The glory of the year is upon us; the stillness, the culmination. In a little while the banners of yellow and crimson will be run up among the forest oaks and maples, and the anointed among men shall read their message. "The tables of the year's great Feast are spread in valleys, and meadows, and orchards. Lo! the earth has made ready her banquet!" And the hearts that read this message shall thrill back in grateful triumph their blessed answer: "God is good." V. F. T.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

How beautifully has Mrs. Hemans, in the following verse, given hope and encouragement to the desponding. Let them glide into your memory, reader, and help you in seasons of gloomy doubt:

"The gloomiest day hath gleams of light;
The darkest wave hath bright foam near it;
And twinkles through the cloudiest night
Some solitary star to cheer it.

"The gloomiest soul is not all gloom;
The saddest heart is not all sadness;
And sweetly o'er the darkest doom
There shines some lingering beam of gladness.

"Despair is never quite despair;
Nor life nor death the future closes;
And round the shadowy brow of Care,
Will Hope and Fancy twine their roses."

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO THE SENIOR EDITOR.

[We give the following communication, which has been on our table for some time, a place, without comment. It is from an old, and highly-valued correspondent, whose suggestions are always thoughtfully made.]

MY DEAR MR. ARTHUR.—

In one of the places visited by your Magazine, and in which there are several families who venerate you for the purity, good taste, high moral tone, and general excellence which have now, for a long series of years, characterized the contents of your Gazette and Magazine, there has lately sprung quite an animated discussion which a few words from you or any of your regular contributors or occasional correspondents may go far towards settling amicably and satisfactorily. The notices of the New Publications of the day, which have appeared in your columns, have been usually so discriminating, and so obviously guided by a reference to the moral tone and tendency of the books reviewed, as to have created, even in others beside your regular subscribers, a very strong confidence in their correctness and reliability. They have been used more than any other literary notices, so far as I know, as guides in the selection and purchase of recent additions to a public library, as well as to some private ones. This confidence in the reliability of the notices usually given in your Magazine, of the New Publications of the day, is the occasion and explanation of this application to you, or some one of your approved contributors, for a little help in settling a difference of opinion in regard to the writings of a certain celebrity, as this difference of opinion may probably be causing some spirited discussions in other places as well as in that already referred to. There is considerable likelihood that there are discussions of the kind in almost all the places in which remarks, nearly in the following words, were made by one who lectured somewhat extensively during last Winter. This result we deem probable from the fact that, in one place, opinions very diverse are expressed as to the character of certain writings, since the remarks now to be reported were made in a public address.

Speaking of the characteristics of Mr. R. W. Emerson's writings, the lecturer gave utterance to opinions and language which are fairly enough reported as follows: "When Mr. Emerson, or any one else, sends forth a book to the public, he virtually says that he has something to communicate which will repay readers, generally, for the time and attention they may give to it. Now it is the firm persuasion of a good many of the readers of Mr Emerson's writings, that they have been but poorly compensated for the time, attention, and expense bestowed upon a perusal of them. They charge upon him that he makes no attempt to furnish them either with clear, useful thoughts, or with perspicuous, plain, exact language. There is no continuity, connection, or consistency between the sundry quaint thoughts, or sententious sayings which are found congregated together under one chapter or heading. They seem more like the occasional outbursts of one in a dream or a reverie, than like the chain of connected thoughts which passes through the mind of one who is sane and awake. His books seem to have been written in fragmentary portions, the pen never being employed to set down any of the links, if there are any, between the several quaint and brilliant conceits which make up these fragments; and then these, like blocks of building, are thrown together without order or any connecting mortar, instead of being arranged after some style of the useful or the beautiful in architecture. If the separate apothegms were of any great value, either as helps to the discovery of truth, or as supports and strengtheners in the trials, sufferings, struggles, and labors of real life, this want of connection and continuity might be excused. But after reading any of Mr. Emerson's essays or chapters, there are but few who will be able to say that they have made even a single addition to their stock of ideas, for use in the business or battle of life. They will feel as if they had been in the company of a dreamer who had carried them into the regions of cloud-land and airy-land, and amused them with reveries and quaint conceits which were too vapory to be brought down to this dull, terrestrial sphere. We think, therefore, that the time is ill-spent which is given to this kind of reverie indulgence. It tends to unnerve and emasculate the mind, and to unfit it for the actualities of real life."

Now if you would permit two or three of your readers to give their opinions of Mr. Emerson's writings, it might aid many who are at a loss whether to read, and put them into a library or not.

GONE HOME.

BY FANNY FALES.

The leaves were turning yellow when she went;
The little blossoms wore their caps of seed;
And birds that sang of Summer eloquent,
Were silent in the mead.

The leaves were turning yellow when she went;
How many joys, and sweet hopes, with her died;
Oh, when torn from us, how our hearts were rent
To lose our earthly guide.

The leaves were turning yellow when she died;
And all the boughs were swaying with a sigh;
Like our poor hearts by winds of sorrow bent,
And plaining mournfully.

A Christian 'neath the yellow leaves doth lie;
Her work well done, the angels whispered, "Come!"
Gloria in Excelsis through our tears we cry,
For she hath reached her home.

"STEPS TOWARDS HEAVEN."

From this volume, by the Editor of the Home Magazine, we take the following extract:

"I wish Father would come home."

The voice that said this had a troubled tone, and the face that looked up was sad.

"Your father will be very angry," said an aunt, who was sitting in the room with a book in her hand. The boy raised himself from the sofa, where he had been lying in tears for half an hour, and with a touch of indignation in his voice, answered,

"He'll be sorry, not angry. Father never gets angry."

For a few moments the aunt looked at the boy half curiously, and let her eyes fall again upon the book that was in her hand. The boy laid himself down upon the sofa again, and hid his face from sight.

"That's Father now!" He started up, after the lapse of nearly ten minutes, as the sound of a bell reached his ears, and went to the room door. He stood there for a little while, and then came slowly back, saying with a disappointed air,

"It isn't Father. I wonder what keeps him so late. O, I wish he would come!"

"You seem anxious to get deeper into trouble," remarked the aunt, who had only been in the house for a week, and who was neither very amiable nor very sympathizing towards children. The boy's fault had provoked her, and she considered him a fit subject for punishment.

"I believe, Aunt Phebe, that you'd like to see me whipped," said the boy a little warmly. "But you won't."

"I must confess," replied Aunt Phebe, "that I think a little wholesome discipline of the kind you speak of would not be out of place. If you were my child, I am very sure you wouldn't escape."

"I'm not your child—I don't want to be. Father's good, and loves me."

"If your father is so good, and loves you so well, you must be a very ungrateful or a very inconsiderate boy. His goodness don't seem to have helped you much."

"Hush, will you!" ejaculated the boy, excited to anger by this unkindness of speech.

"Phebe!" It was the boy's mother who spoke now, for the first time. In an undertone she added: "You are wrong. Richard is suffering quite enough, and you are doing him harm rather than good."

Again the bell rang, and again the boy left the sofa, and went to the sitting-room door.

"It's Father!" And he went gliding down stairs.

"Ah, Richard!" was the kindly greeting, as Mr. Gordon took the hand of his boy. "But what's the matter, my son? You don't look happy."

"Won't you come in here?" And Richard drew his father into the library. Mr. Gordon sat down, still holding Richard's hand.

"You are in trouble, my son. What has happened?"

The eyes of Richard filled with tears as he looked into his father's face. He tried to answer, but his lips quivered. Then he turned away, and opening the door of the cabinet, brought out the fragments of a broken statuette, which had been sent home only the day before, and set them on a table before his father, over whose countenance came instantly a shadow of regret.

"Who did this, my son?" was asked in an even voice.

"I did it."

"How?"

"I threw my ball in there, once—only once, in forgetfulness."

The poor boy's tones were husky and tremulous.

A little while Mr. Gordon sat, controlling himself, and collecting his disturbed thoughts. Then he said cheerfully:

"What is done, Richard, can't be helped. Put the broken pieces away. You have had trouble enough about it, I can see—and reproof enough for your thoughtlessness—so I shall not add a word to increase your pain."

"O, Father!" And the boy threw his arms about his father's neck. "You are so kind—so good!"

Five minutes later, and Richard entered the sitting-room with his father. Aunt Phebe looked up for two shadowed faces, but did not see them. She was puzzled.

"That was very unfortunate," she said, a little while after Mr. Gordon came in. "It was such an exquisite work of art. It is hopelessly ruined."

Richard was leaning against his father when his aunt said this. Mr. Gordon only smiled and drew his arms closely around his boy. Mrs. Gordon threw upon her sister a look of warning; but it was unheeded.

"I think Richard was a very naughty boy."

"We have settled all that, Phebe," was the mild, but firm answer of Mr. Gordon; "and it is one of our rules to get into the sunshine as quick as possible."

Phebe was rebuked; while Richard looked grateful, and it may be a little triumphant; for his aunt had borne down upon him rather too hard for a boy's patience to endure.

Into the sunshine as quickly as possible! O, is not that the better philosophy for our homes? Is it not true Christian philosophy? It is selfishness that grows angry and repels because a fault has been committed. Let us get the offender into the sunshine as quickly as possible, so that true thoughts and right feelings may grow vigorous in its warmth. We retain anger, not that anger may act as a wholesome discipline, but because we are unwilling to forgive. Ah, if we were always right with ourselves, we would oftener be right with our children.

TO CURE THE APPETITE FOR TOBACCO.

A clergyman who for many years was addicted to the chewing and smoking of tobacco, but who has entirely abstained from the weed for over thirty years, communicates to the *Independent* the method of cure which he adopted. We copy it, hoping it will prove effectual in many other cases:

"I had a deep well of very cool water, and whenever the evil appetite craved indulgence, I resorted immediately to fresh-drawn water. Of this I drank what I desired, and then continued to hold water in my mouth, throwing out and taking in successive mouthfuls, until the craving ceased. By a faithful adherence to this practice for about a month, *I was cured;* and from that time to this, have been as free from any appetite for tobacco as a nursing infant. I loathe the use of the weed in every form, far more than I did before I contracted habits of indulgence."

LIVING AND LOVING. *By Virginia F. Townsend.*—The price of this volume, which is embellished with a portrait of the author, is $1. We will send it to any address, by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the money.

THE WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE.

One of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machines has been in use in our family, for over six months, and is doing its work to the satisfaction of all concerned. No difficulty has been experienced in its management, and it has not once been out of order during the time. The amount of work that is done by its means, is astonishing, when compared with that accomplished by the slow, weary process of hand-sewing. The temptation which ladies of taste experience in its use, is to largely increase the amount of work upon a garment, so as to display the beautiful stitching that is done with almost magical quickness. An ordinary day's work is often thrown off by one of these machines before breakfast.

A letter received by us recently, speaking of the adaptations of mechanical sciences to the uses of common life, and especially to household articles, rather quaintly puts together two articles about as opposite as can well be imagined. We smiled at the juxtaposition, and so, no doubt, will our readers. It says:

"The spirit of reform has invaded the household. Genius has laid its spell upon all the utensils of housewifery; and doubtless other transformations will be made, ranking with the 'Old Dominion Coffee Pot,' and 'Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machine.'"

Doubtless it will be so! The spirit of reform is indeed at work; and if it gets far beyond the two articles so amusingly put together, it will be a benefactor indeed. Of the high-priced sewing machines, Wheeler & Wilson's seems best adapted to the ordinary work of a household. But poor women cannot buy so costly a machine. Of the cheap, or single-threaded machines, Pratt's is regarded as one of the best. We have seen it used, and know where it is giving satisfaction. It runs with good velocity, and one woman can do on it the work of four or five rapid needle-women. We would not advise any one to buy a sewing machine at a less price than $25. In nine cases out of ten, the purchase would be little less than throwing money away.

THE GRAVE OF THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

A correspondent of the "Press," of this city, gives this interesting paragraph. His suggestions are worthy the attention of American women. But let the monument, if erected, be something more useful than a mere column of marble:

"Some years since I passed through the ancient town of Fredericksburg, Va., and on my way stopped to visit the grave of the venerated Mother of Washington, and was pained to find it in such a pitiable condition. An unfinished monument, already apparently in ruins, marked the spot, but around it seemed to me a mere cow yard, and the whole place wore an aspect of decay and desolation unworthy the burial place of the mother of "Pater Patrie." On inquiry, only a few weeks since, of a citizen of Fredericksburg, I learned that it is still in the same condition, but that Silas E. Burrows, who commenced the monument, and is now in Japan, says that he will finish it, or direct in his will that his son should do so. It is the opinion in Fredericksburg that it will never be done. Now, I contend that no individual man should be honored by erecting a monument to the mother of Washington: her character and her memory are the property of the women of the United States, and to them belongs the entire honor of erecting a monument worthy of her who gave birth and was the first to instil virtuous principles into him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." I trust this hint will be sufficient to incite the ladies of the United States to some action on the subject. Let the women of the South and the women of the North join in erecting a durable and elegant monument over the remains of "Mary the mother of Washington," and it may be a shrine where they may meet to honor the mother of him whose memory the world delights to honor."

EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE CORRESPONDENTS.

Our readers may remember the extracts from private letters which we furnished them, some time ago—extracts which, on account of their singular truth, and purity, and beauty, we wanted our readers to share with us. We have introduced another of these from the same pen:

"I feel humble, with a desire to be better; to dismiss all poor passions and prejudices out of my heart; to love truth and purity; to love God, and to lead hereafter a godly, righteous, and sober life.' I know we have all gone astray, seeking after a *rationalistic* religion; but I have found as many difficulties there, as those I fled from, and I am thrown back to seek forgiveness, and help at His feet. I feel sure it is the only safe place. Look into what dangers they run, who follow after their own devices; what absurdities they adopt, and even the loftiest and best of them, how cold and finite seem their aspirations. Oh, we do need some centre to cling to, some centripetal force in our spritual orbits. I heard a minister express this two years ago, and it has been a growing seed in my mind ever since."

But if it be true that contest is the law and test of life, then we must allow the evil, and carry ourselves firmly past it. V. F. T.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles respectfully declined: "The Past;" "That Dream of Thine;" "To ——;" Poems by "Amelia;" "The First Kiss; "Overlooking the Mark;" "Isabella; "Helen Bronson;" and "Sweet Home."

☞A correspondent asks the prices of *The Old Dominion Coffee Pot*. We answer that the two quart size sells, here, for $2; three quart size for $2 50; and the four quart size for $3. There is a one quart size for small families, at $1 50.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

HOME MAGAZINE.—We have, time and again, been so much gratified by the perusal and inspection of this meritorious publication that we do not grudge it the most elaborate meed of commendation. It is edited by T. S. Arthur and Virginia F. Townsend, than whom no caterers in this line, have ever attained greater excellence. The long literary experience, and cultivated taste of its editors would of themselves have been a sufficient guarantee to us for the able conduct of the Lady's Home Magazine; but an examination of its varied contents has impressed us with a still higher sense of its merits and claims upon the public patronage. Profusely adorned with the neatest of fashion plates and steel engraving, it does not rely merely upon these, but contains also an amount of literary matter which, no less for its excellence than its variety, can hardly fail to gratify the taste of every reader. Every lady should have the Home Magazine. It is not excelled by Godey, and comes one-third cheaper.—*Register, Washington, O.*

It is less ambitious with regard to size than some of its competitors for public favor, but its contents are characterized by a loftiness of aim, and a purity of tone, which should be for it a passport to the affections of every family. It is edited by T. S. Arthur and Virginia F. Townsend, both writers of rare and true merit, and they are ably assisted by a corps of literary laborers whom the reading public long since learned to admire and appreciate. —*Gazette, Fulton, N. Y.*

THE LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE.—We receive no magazine at the price this is afforded, that can compare with it in point of excellence. Every article that finds admission to its pages is just what it should be, elevating and ennobling in its tendency. In regard to engravings and illustrations, they are always growing better and better.—*News, Adams, N. Y.*

It is filled as usual with choice reading matter, and is all that is claimed for it—a present for your "wife, daughter, sister or friend." We give ours to our better half, and she always thanks us with such a bewitching smile, that we wish it could come (we mean the Magazine,) daily instead of monthly. The illustrations are beautiful.—*Advertiser, Olean, N. Y.*

HOME MAGAZINE.—The chief charm of this magazine is its reading matter, which is ever of a pure and chaste character, and well calculated to improve both the heart and the understanding. It costs 33 per cent less than the other embellished Magazines.—*Journal, Farmville, Va.*

The mere mention of the names of T. S. Arthur and Virginia F. Townsend, as editors of this popular magazine, is sufficient guarantee of its excellence and worth. No lady can well afford to be without it.—*Gazette, Delhi, N. Y.*

Its sketches are characterized by an elevated tone, while in the department of fashion it is fully up to the times. It is worthy of the highest regard.—*Courier and Chief, Clinton, N. Y.*

Each number of this work presents some new feature—constantly increasing in interest.—*Register, Marion, Iowa.*

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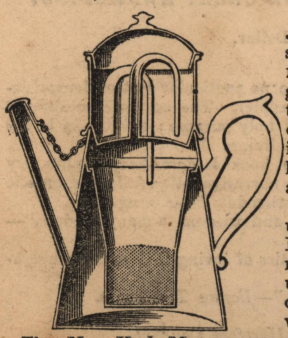

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